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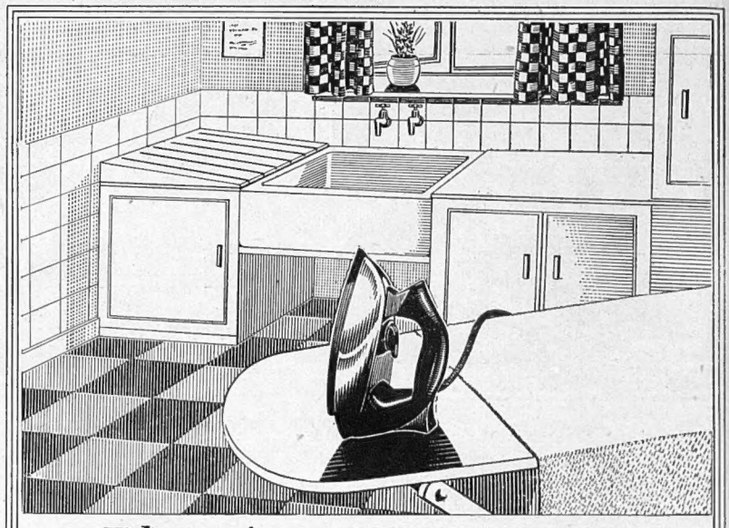

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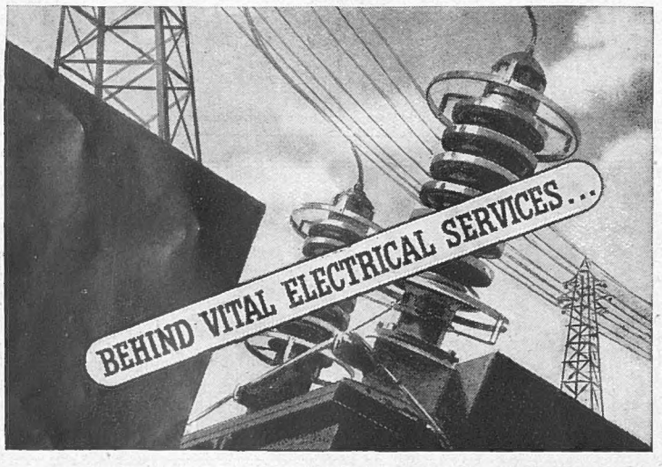

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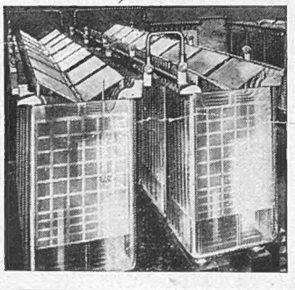

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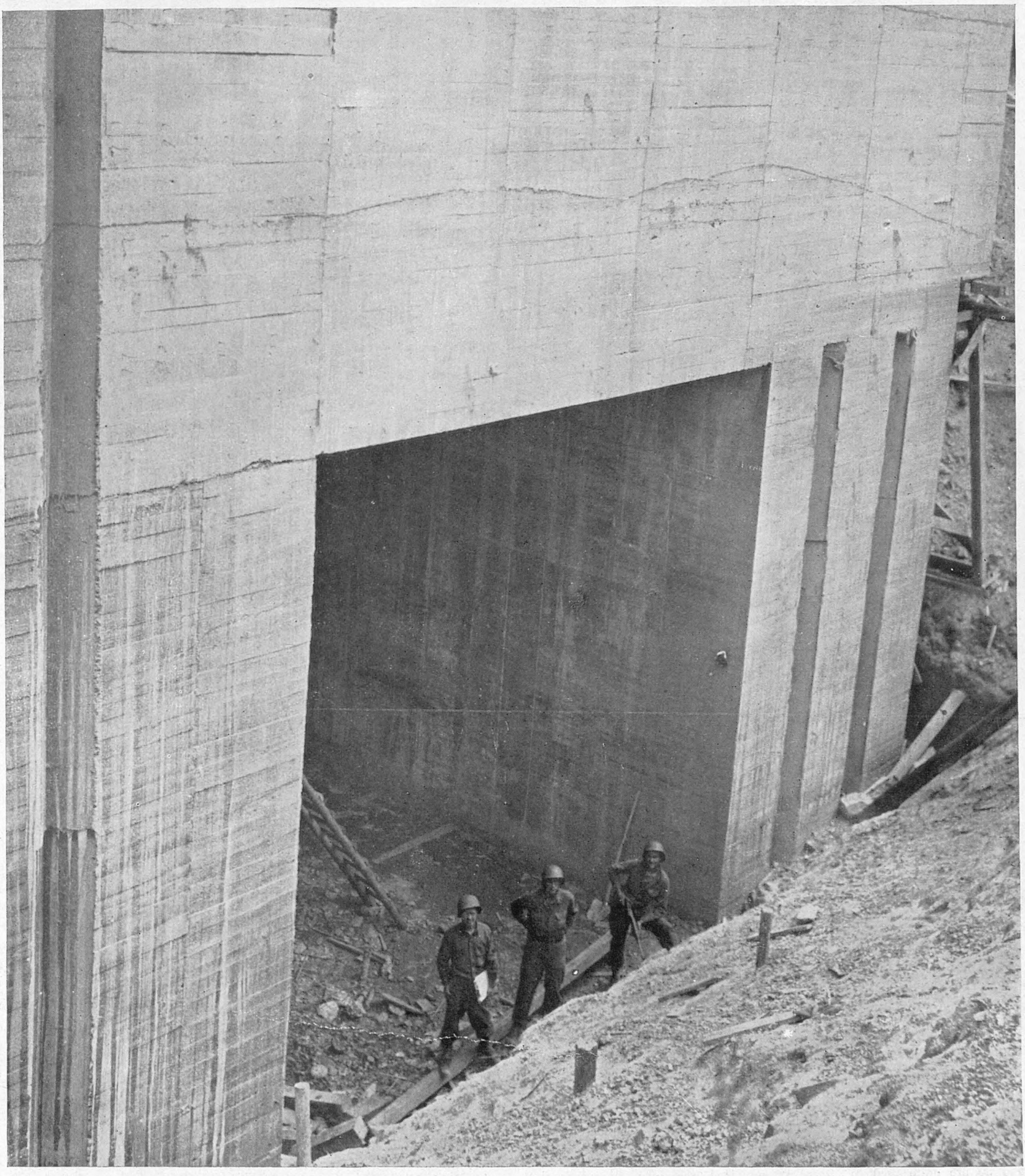
Volume CLXXVIII No. 2319 The SPHERE, London, July 1, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE FIRST PICTURE OF A "FLYING BOMB" LAUNCHING SITE, CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS IN NORMANDY DURING THEIR APPROACH TO THE PORT OF CHERBOURG. The entrance to the 20-ft. tunnel which runs the full width (120 ft.) of the site

The picture reproduced above (and those given on page 3) show the unfinished steel and concrete construction captured by the Americans in Normandy and believed to have been planned for the launching of a huge rocket-propelled missile. This great construction consists of a main ramp, which is 700 to 750 ft. long, 50 ft. thick and 70 ft. wide : it has been built with a slight elevation pointing 10 degrees north of due west. An extension joins the ramp at right-angles : this is 300 ft. long, 120 ft. wide and 36 ft. deep. The whole construction has been built of reinforced concrete. A 20-ft. tunnel runs the full width of this 300-ft. extension, which joins the high end of the ramp. These ramps are thought to have been designed for considerably larger missiles than those used up to the present against Britain. Because of their very size, the enemy cannot camouflage the larger launching ramps as effectively as the smaller ones he is now using. Moreover, the bigger ramps, although of much more robust construction, are easier to hit and therefore easier to damage (See *also page* 3)

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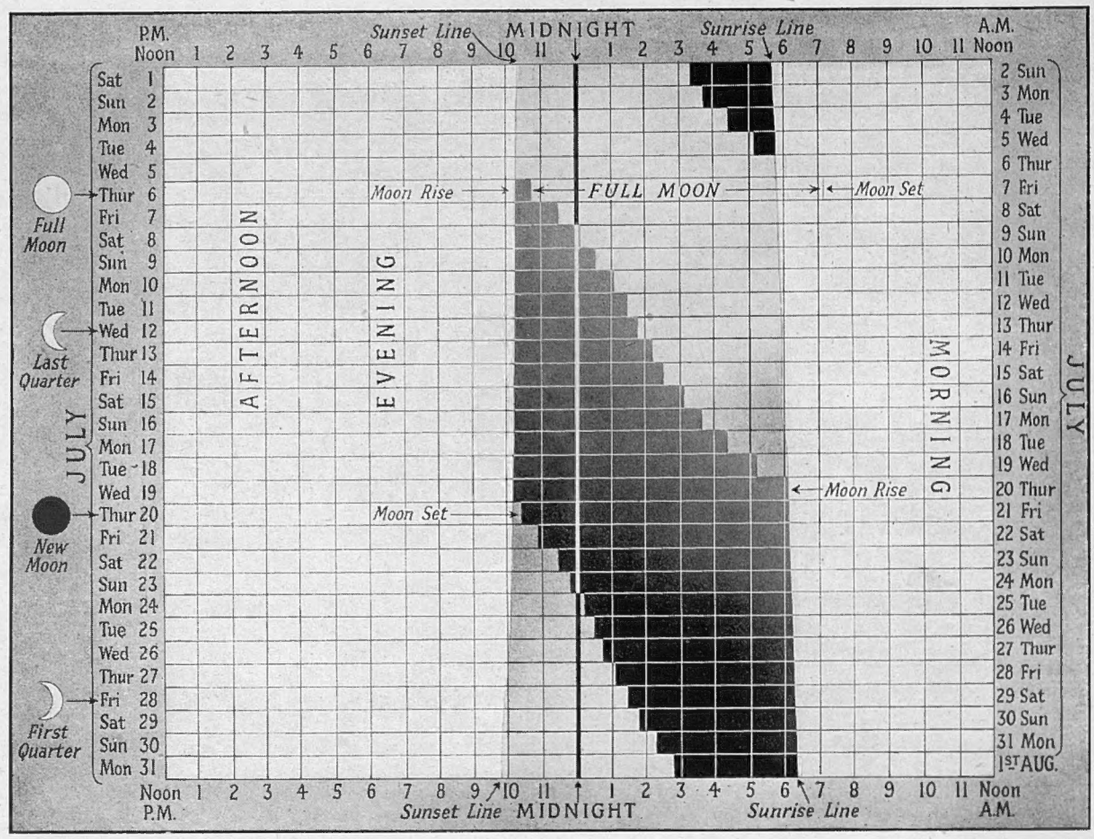
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 252

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Latest.—The latest news from the fronts at the latest moment available to me is very satisfactory. In Normandy the Americans look to be nearer the capture of Cherbourg than seemed likely a few days before. The Germans on the British sections are held and unable to extricate their Panzer divisions for their proper role or for intervention in the peninsula. The flying bombs are clearly already something of a flop in German eyes. They are not mastered yet, nor are their launching ramps decimated. But these last are much reduced. As a war weapon they are futile. It is perfectly true to say that many of us still wait to *see* a specimen, and many of us have only *heard* one or two. So much for Nazi propaganda. In Italy progress in bad weather has been excellent. The Allied line is now a straight line well north of Perugia, with Elba secure on the left and Ancona, a fine harbour, likely to fall soon into our hands. The bombing of vital German targets, strategical and tactical, has lost none of its force, from any direction. Indeed, the targets multiply and the attacks come from all directions. In the East, the Russians have put the Finns already out of harm's way, and secured their right flank for major operations—anywhere. And farther east, the fleet of Japan has suffered severely and once more run away. And in the Chinese-Burma theatres, things are still going well for the Allies. We have no grounds for complaint, broadly.

The Nap that Proved Correct.—I made no effort to tip the Derby winner of 1944. But I ventured a nap for the Normandy Stakes, and it came off. Despite the map and the markets, the American-owned "Carteret" beat the British favourite "Caen." The Americans sealed off the Cherbourg Peninsula before the Germans pulled out of Caen, and it must be admitted that the armchair strategist, studying reports and progress maps, might well, as late as June 16, have put the probabilities the other way. I shall ca'canny with prophecy and rest on my laurels. The American seal held firm. Efforts to break it seemed more probable from the north by the 20,000 Germans trapped within the bottle. To the south the Nazi floods helped rather than hindered the Allies in this phase. The peninsula may take some time to tidy up. The port of Cherbourg may long be denied to our army and navy. Once it is cleared of the enemy, and in some sort reconditioned, it will be an enormous advance for the big business. The words beach-head and bridgehead will fade out. Perhaps they already have done so.

Mr. Churchill's Optimism.—Mr. Churchill's speech at the Mexican Embassy was not lacking in optimism of a restrained kind. I observe that it was made: (*a*) Before the first bumble bombs fell on England; (*b*) on the same day that Ministers uttered warnings against expectations of an end of Germany this year. His optimism would not have been checked by (*a*) and is not stultified by (*b*). He knew all about the "bumbles"; and *we* are quite used to alternate warnings and stimulants as doses from the same spoon. In the four-day interval between delivery and release, the bumble bomb had done its damnedest, and Allied armies in Finland, Italy, Normandy and Assam had done their damnedest and made a very great improvement in a position already very encouraging. Therefore Mr. Churchill can have had no reason to blue pencil his words of cheer. For three years or more he has been a model of restraint in promises, a master of confidence without boast. And for five years the British public, in the main, has proved itself more worthy to receive confidence than correction and warnings.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

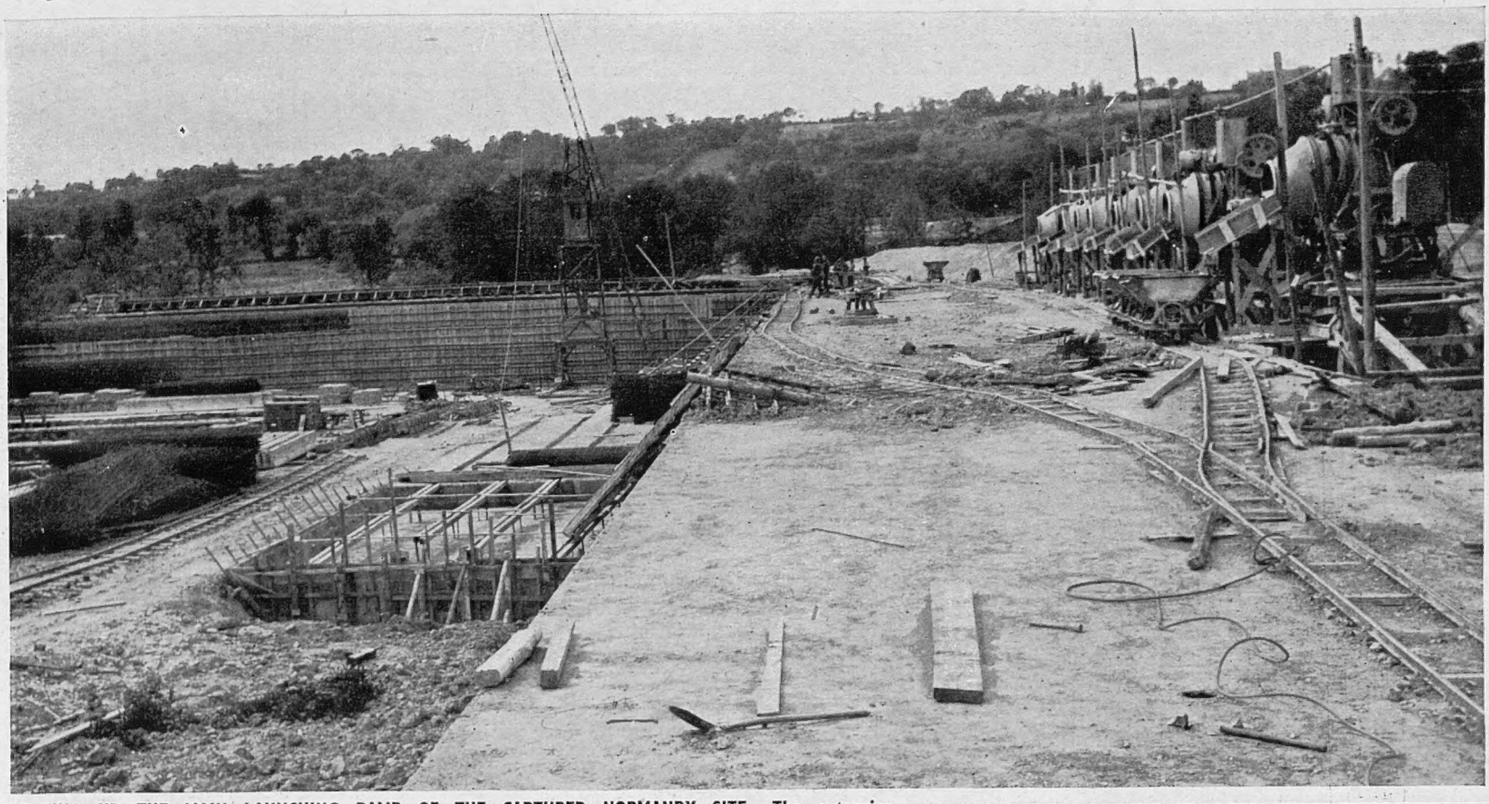
A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

Boasts.—There will be a great book for someone to write when peace comes—an anatomy of boasting in war. Hitler and his gang, those incurable amateurs and urchins, in the face of a thousand shattering shocks, have never lost the taste for boasting. (And there were stages in the war when we, too, took a mild hand in the game of slinging boomerangs.) Boomerangs, they are. You may recall, for example, Hitler's borrowing from Bonaparte, *apropos* our invasion: "If they try it, I shall order out the police to arrest them." Brave words, which to-day look as foolish as Goering's promise to protect Berlin and the Rühr from air attack. What is interesting to observe is that inside Germany foolish boast is no longer universally popular. That is a significant straw in the wind. It implies, of course, that the ancient saw is proving true again. "You cannot fool all the people all the time." It is the last lesson the gang will learn. I doubt whether to-day 50 per cent. of Germans really believe that the new robot has put a stop to *all* munition work in England and sent *all* London permanently below ground! But Hitler and his big five must put the percentage much higher than fifty. And in the face of constant failure, the urchin will persist in making our flesh creep. I doubt if the truth will yet explode the urchins' influence inside Germany. Outside, this gambler's last throw is already up the spout. It is the final damning proof that Hitler and his gang were never anything but incompetent amateurs. In war they always sacrificed relevance to cleverness; in propaganda they are bound hand and foot in the net they laid for others.

"Sounds of Battle."—The *D.T.* (it seems) has received a number of protests against the form of the new B.B.C. running commentary on the battle of Normandy. I daresay it has received as many letters in praise. It is a wonderful organisation, prepared with infinite pains, and many fine men are daily risking their lives to make it lively. It is unique in the history—the great story—of the War Correspondent. I tread the subject very delicately, as I should a minefield. To me, who am old, the recording van is a child's musical-box, infinitely more tiresome than the Victorian. The pops and whispers and creaks of guns, shells and transport bear no resemblance to "the real thing." For those who want to taste war from an armchair, these noises no more produce the atmosphere than did a running commentary of the final at Wimbledon produce the thrills of lawn tennis. In short, I find it a tiresome attempt to prove that our people have the mentality of children and deserve no more than toys and drawing-room fireworks. But I keep my opinion to myself. I am in a huge minority *vis-à-vis* the B.B.C. A vast majority delights in features I find intolerable—such as that Brains Trust. But to return to these sounds of battle. Do the recordings make things easier and pleasanter for mothers with sons in Normandy? If so, they are justified. God knows all parents will want to hear that their boys are cheerful and as comfortable as conditions admit. But most of them, even if they have not experienced front-line fighting, know pretty well that war is unspeakably beastly and far too grim to be made a Hollywood Show. A shell which bursts 50 yards behind you is not like the recording van's pop, and even now, among the bravest of the brave, when it bursts it comes as a strain and shock on seasoned troops and for a moment silences jokes and songs. You can *see* the strain in the faces of your comrades and feel it in your own heart. I have tried it and I know. The boys at the front preserve a *reticence* about war in letters home; they always have done so. I don't think the recording-van even to-day gives an accurate picture of war; and from my own experience of war, the only justification for making a peep-show of it would be an efficiency of technique which would so bring home its horror as to turn every listener into *a last-ditch pacifist for evermore*, dedicating himself thenceforth so to practise Christianity and citizenship that war will be impossible. I fancy we must wait for the blessings of television to bring home the full bestiality of war to the armchair listener. At the moment, it falls between the stools of a modern news service and a sensation-stunt. But, as I have said, if it alleviates the agony for a majority of parents and wives, the minority voice is constrained to silence. Public opinion is for ever changing. Four years ago, old soldiers viewed with horror the practice of bringing Service-men to the publicity of the microphone. They are used to it now. Yesterday's notions of vulgarity and bad taste are an element in to-day's charter of publicity. The day of locked cupboards and private codes is gone by, and reticence is taboo.

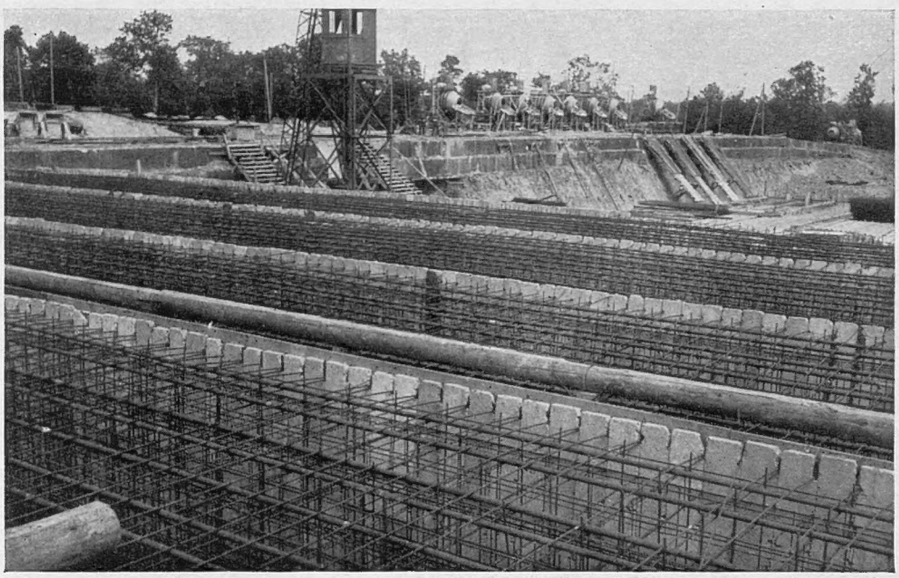
"The Giftie Gi'e Us."—I admit that it is still an unsolved mystery to me that so many men in public life so little realise the public estimate of themselves. The mystery is deepest where it concerns the subjects which men in the two Houses of Parliament consider appropriate for their personal intervention. Captain Cunningham-Reid, for instance. I should take it that he is shrewd, clever, quick, and still ambitious to succeed. Yet the subjects which he raises in Parliament seem to open every joint in his own harness to easy and devastating ripostes. One would say that he deliberately chooses those subjects which lay him most open to personal attack. If so, it is fine altruism and courage, or it is total blindness. Lord Vansittart, again. With enormous persistence and force and courage, he fights his own "battle of France," his chief weapon being a lifelong study of French politics and character. He is a doughty champion in a noble cause; but with every intervention (it appears to me) he lays his body bare to a devastating riposte: why was it, during those vital years in the '30's, when he was the diplomatic adviser of Kings and Premiers, that the weapon of his knowledge of France's political virtues and of Germany's eternal national bestiality and danger rusted in its sheath? Nobody would listen to him then. He did not talk enough or write enough in prose and verse. He is making sure, now, when there can be no converts to win to his theory, of the total bestiality of the German race. Yet his enemies, if he has any, might soothly say that his output of speeches, letters and even of verse would gain in force if rationed in volume.

THE OLD STAGER



LOOKING UP THE MAIN LAUNCHING RAMP OF THE CAPTURED NORMANDY SITE. The extension described on the frontispiece of this issue is seen running off to the left at the far end of the picture: the entrance to the 20-ft. tunnel is seen in the far distance to the right of the centre. On the right are the concrete-mixers left behind by some of the 2,000 German workers in their headlong flight before the Americans advancing on Cherbourg

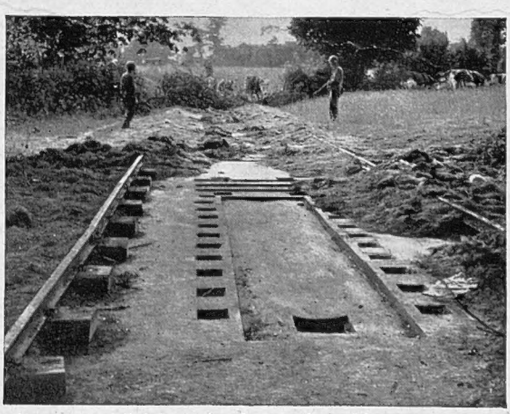
THE CAPTURED FLYING BOMB BASE



FROM THE FAR END OF THE EXTENSION, the steel reinforcement of the core is seen ready to receive the concrete: in the background is the long launching ramp along which the new German weapon is propelled

THE CONTROL-HOUSE FROM WHICH THE PROJECTILE IS DESPATCHED. It stands at the end of the runway: in its one room German officers fix the target and give orders by loudspeaker to the men who actually operate the send-off of the missile

These pictures show views of one of the two huge German "rocket yards" captured in Cherbourg Peninsula and believed to be similar to those projecting pilotless planes to Britain. It has been described as resembling a scenic railway, or railway "switching yard." The site is more than half a square mile in area. It is intricately camouflaged with such devices as "metal leaves, spun-glass foliage and overhead nets blending with the terrain." In spite of this, many hits have been scored on it by Allied bombs. Nobody can walk through the yard without climbing up and down bomb-craters. Five miles away is the second yard—twice as big as the first: it was still under construction when Allied troops reached it. It consists of emplacements 100 ft. deep and hangars with 3-ft.-thick steel and concrete roofs

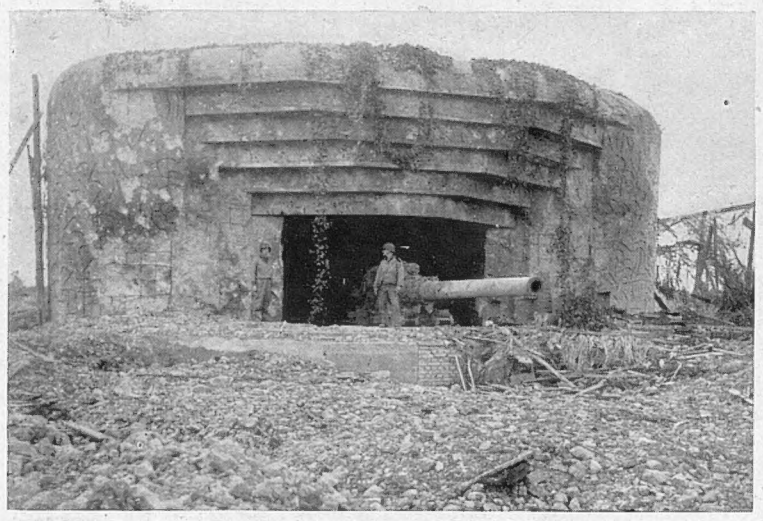


On left—A close-up showing a camouflaged concrete emplacement adjoining the longer launching ramp. *On right*—Looking up the slight incline of the shorter ramp. Part of the track is seen uncovered, with the grass whereby it is camouflaged removed

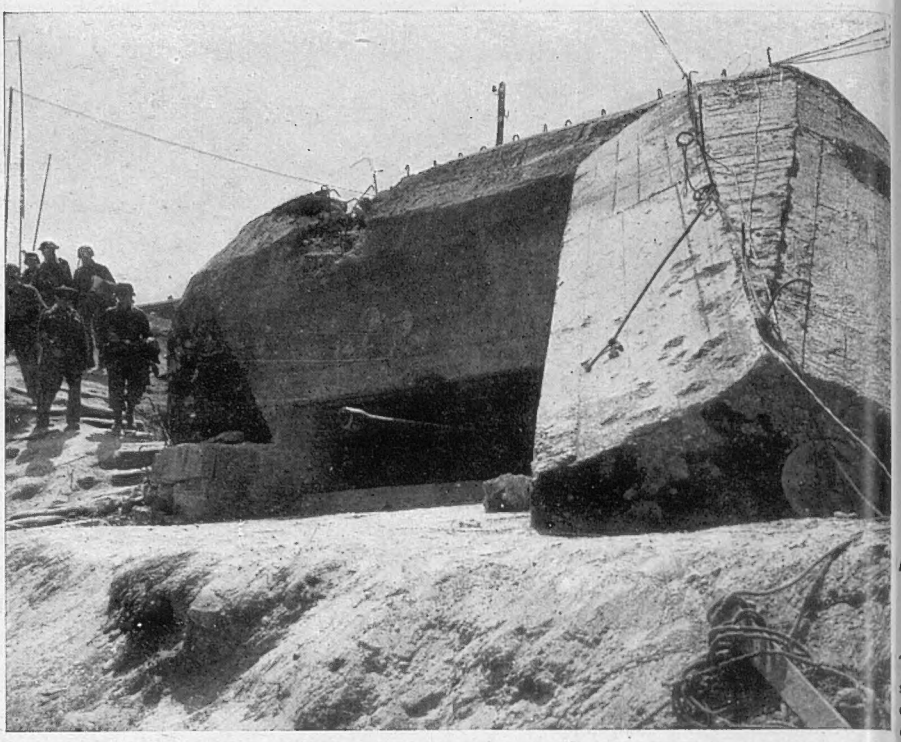
NEAR THE LOWER END OF THE LAUNCHING RAMP is this crater caused by a direct hit from a 1,000-lb. bomb dropped by one of the Allied planes which have been pounding these "flying bomb" bases during the past weeks

The SECRETS of the WEST WALL

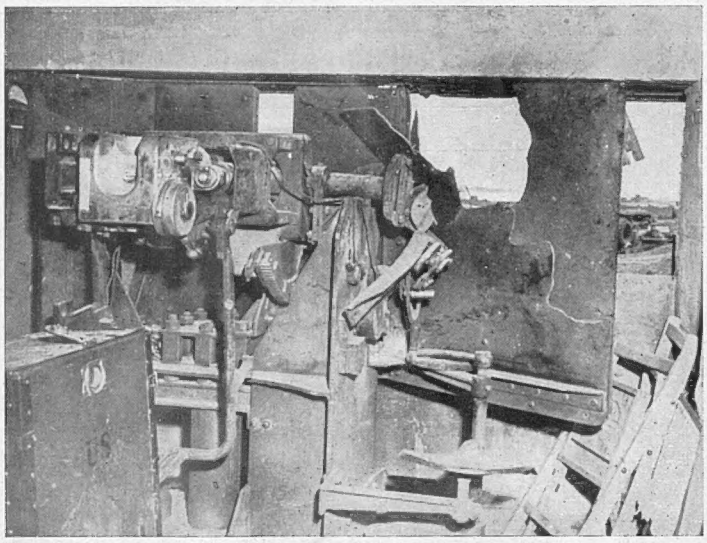
Revealed by an Examination of the German Defences after the Battle of the Beaches in Normandy



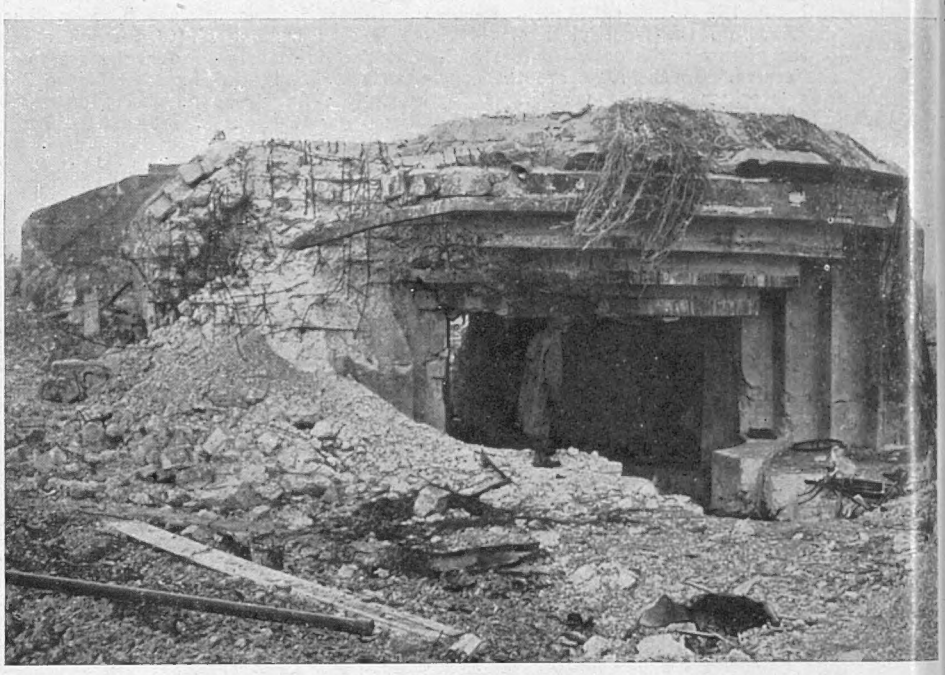
A POWERFUL CONCRETE ERECTION ON THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA. This oversize German naval gun nevertheless failed to protect its strip of coastline against the American advance. It was bombarded by the Allied Fleet and, assisted by artillery on land, was knocked out. The strength of this concrete fortress was immense, roof and walls being many feet thick



A HUGE CONCRETE-AND-STEEL PILLBOX, which mounted an 88-mm. cannon and which overlooked the beach from a perfect vantage-point half-way up the hill and 400 yards from the shore. An Allied naval gun managed to send a shell through the small opening which effectively silenced the 88-mm. within. Another photograph of this pillbox shows that the rear of the fortification had not been completed when the Allies struck on Invasion Day

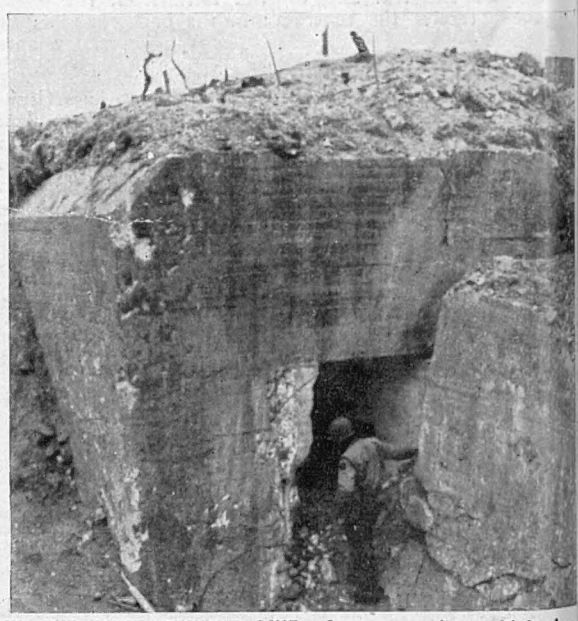


FROM THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW. Inside a concrete pillbox overlooking one of the beaches. This was only one of a number of such emplacements which had to be stormed and neutralised by assault troops before the main body of invaders could go ashore for the conquest of Normandy

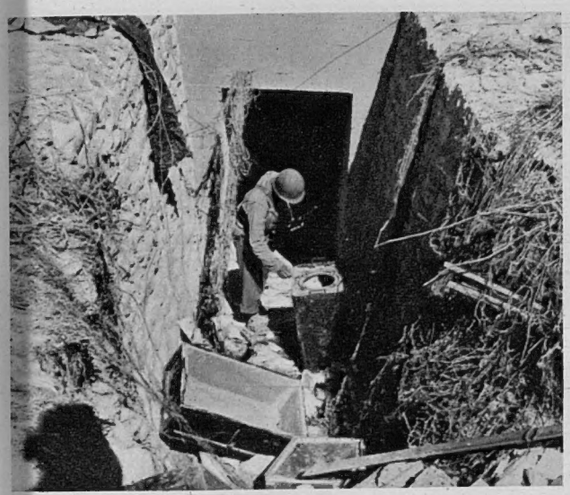


HOW AN "IMPREGNABLE" PILLBOX WAS LEFT BY THE INVADERS. Despite its great strength, and despite the thickness of its concrete, this position was shelled and bombed into quiescence by Allied assault troops soon after landing

THE NATURE OF THE TASK AT ONE OF THE NORMANDY BEACHES. The battle raged fiercely on these slopes before the Allies gained a foothold. The men advancing up the cliffs faced much bitter fighting after reaching the tank trap from which this photograph was taken. In the centre is a "Minen" sign—a grisly skull and crossbones which may have been intended as a psychological factor in the defences. Such a position seems almost impregnable: every yard was covered by German guns, and the whole area was liberally mined

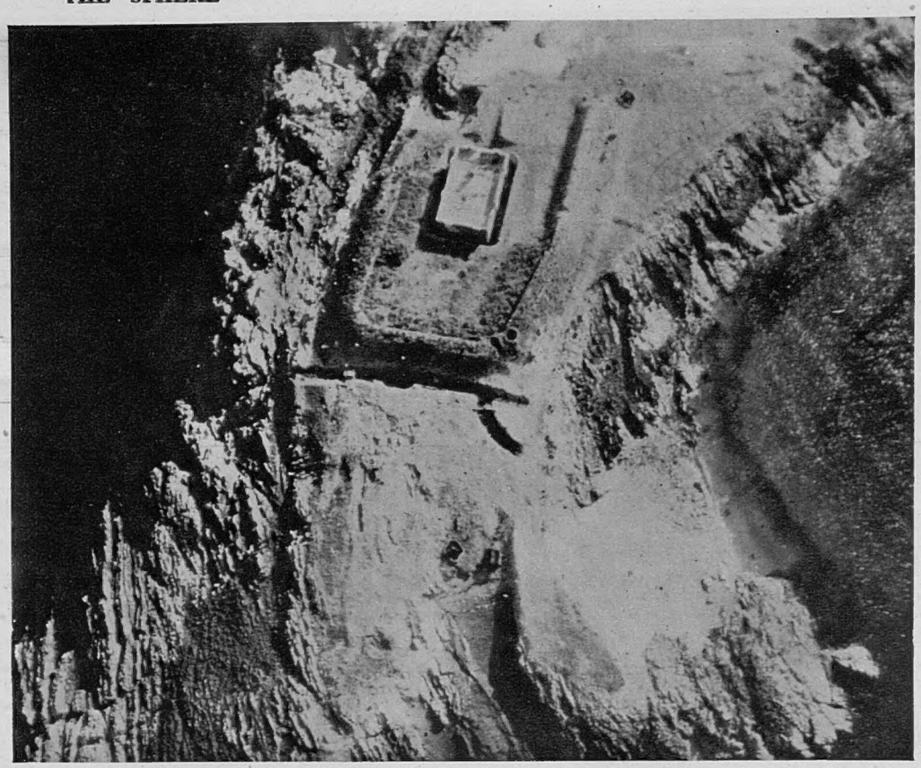


IN THE FIRST RESERVE LINE: A strong-point which lay about a mile back from the beach, and which was intended to hold up an inland advance: it was knocked out by aerial bombardment and by naval gunfire. This was one of the main defensive works near the beach on which the Americans landed



A CONNECTING TUNNEL between strong-points and underground fortress, after it had been wrecked by bombs. This was one of the links in the great West Wall which Hitler boasted would be "impenetrable"

The series of photographs reproduced here show, for the first time, the strength and intricacy of the fortifications which faced our assault troops during the first hours of the invasion along the Normandy beaches. Many of the defence works now lie in ruins, the result of accurate gunfire and aerial bombardment. Some parts of the French coast where landings were made proved less formidable, but in the sector from which these pictures come the Germans employed all their cunning and military skill in their efforts to make the defences impregnable. Bitter fighting took place before a foothold was gained, and it now appears that Rommel was so sure of holding the sector that he had constructed no secondary or reserve line upon which to retire. Observers who have inspected the battlefield have marvelled that the Allied troops were able to smash their way through

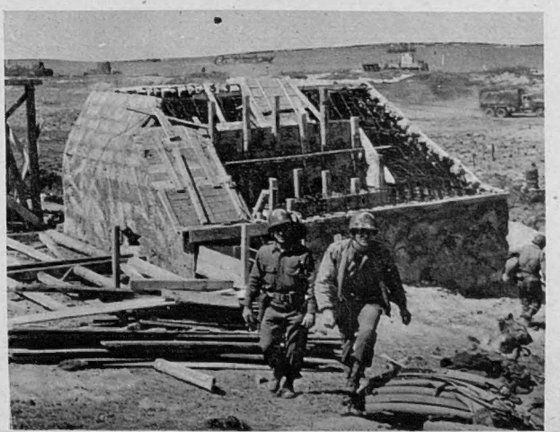


AN ABANDONED GERMAN FORTIFICATION ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF FRANCE. A moat can be seen surrounding the actual fort, with another wall built outside of that. This photograph was taken from a reconnaissance plane of the Ninth U.S. Air Force whilst on its way to another, and unspecified, mission over France

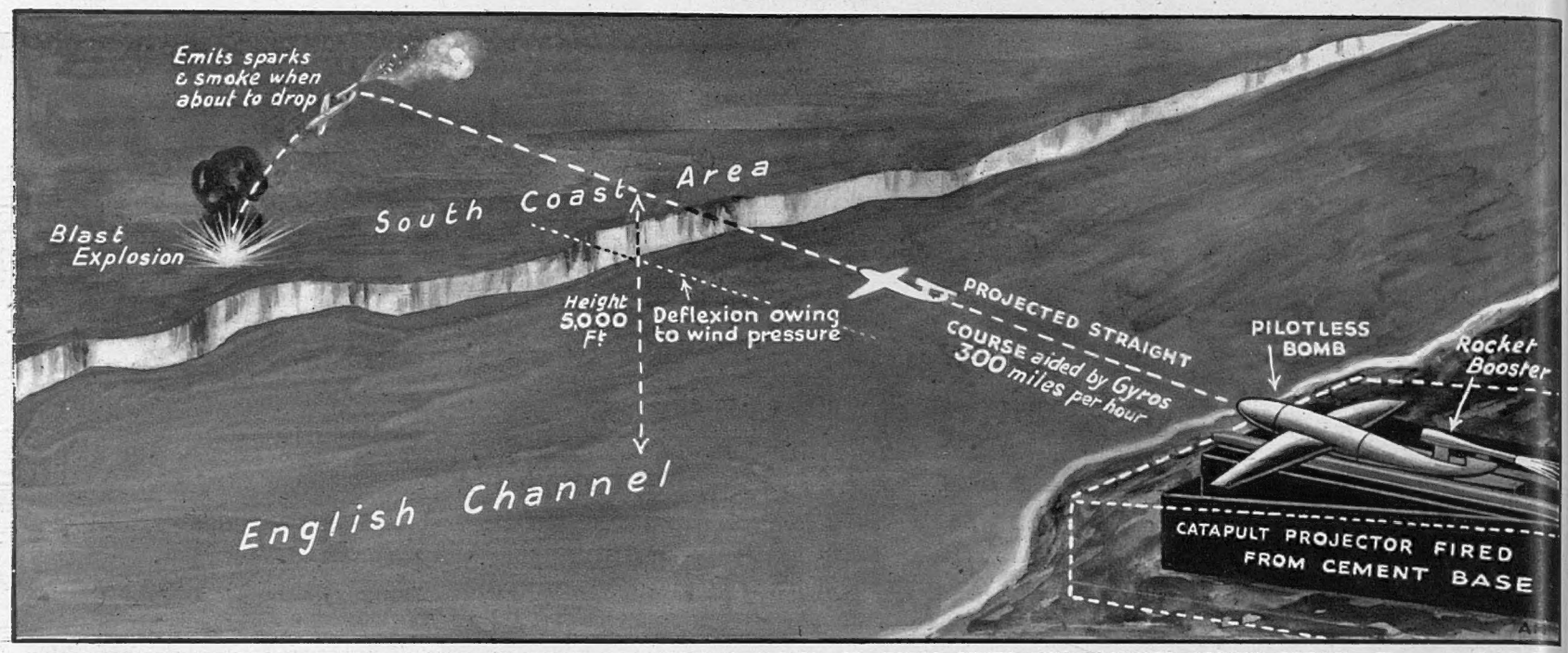
TO GUARD THE MOUTH OF A SMALL HARBOUR: A 37-mm. French gun, complete with its turret from a French tank, mounted in cement on one of the strongpoints guarding the approach to the tiny fishing harbour at Grand Camp les Bains on the Normandy coast

A GERMAN TANK TRAP, 150 FEET FROM THE BEACH. Fifteen feet deep, reinforced with timbers and flooded, the sides were mined. White tape indicates that some of the mines are still in position. A barbed-wire fence lines the inshore edge of the trap, which was crossed by our bulldozers to make the road in the foreground

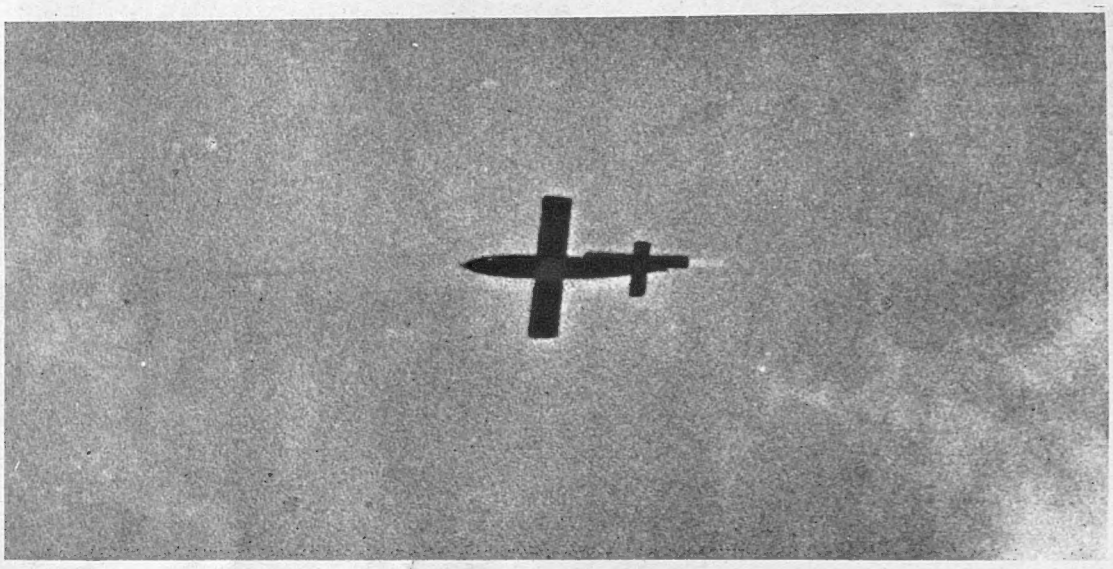
LOOKING DOWN TO THE SHORE FROM THE CLIFF-TOP. Backing up the tank traps and barbed-wire and pillboxes was this trench system, with dugouts on top of a 200-ft. hill overlooking the beach. The trenches zigzag across the top of the hill and end in passages (seen in the foreground), which burrow deep into it



A MASSIVE, BUT ONLY PARTLY-BUILT, PILLBOX. An attempt had been made to camouflage the unprotected roof so that aerial photographs would show this "fortress" in the West Wall as completed



A DIAGRAMMATIC EXPOSITION OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE PILOTLESS PLANES, OR FLYING BOMBS, ARE LAUNCHED AGAINST BRITAIN: They are fired from catapult projectors installed on the French coast and attain a height which probably does not exceed 5,000 ft. over the Channel. They fly at about 300 m.p.h., and may be deflected owing to varying side winds *(See notes below)*—*Drawing by A. Morris*



ONE OF THE GERMAN PILOTLESS AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT OVER SOUTHERN ENGLAND. The flame seen at the rear comes from the jet-propulsion unit mounted on the top of the plane. When the propulsion unit stops, the plane dives down and its 2,000-lb. bomb explodes

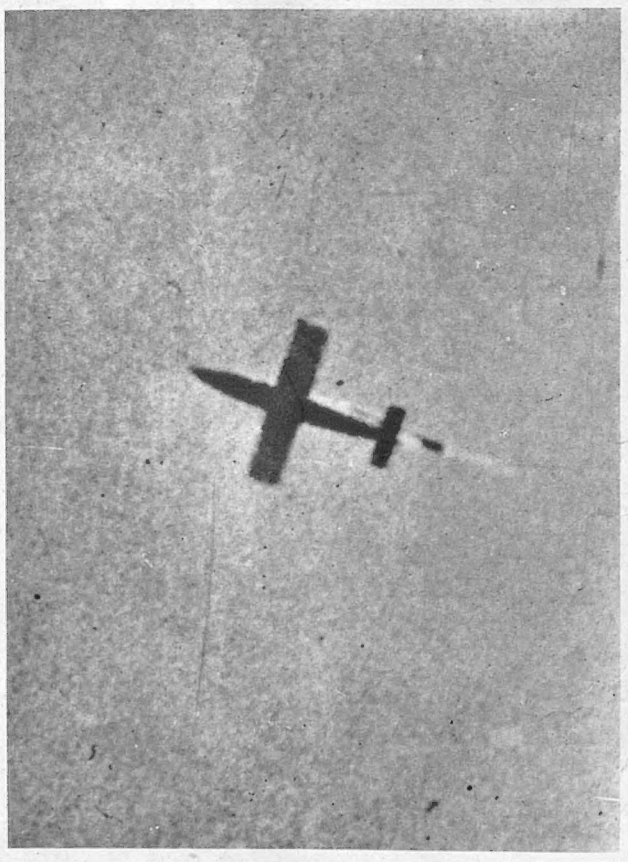
More About the PILOTLESS PLANE

And How It is Launched from the Pas de Calais Against Southern England

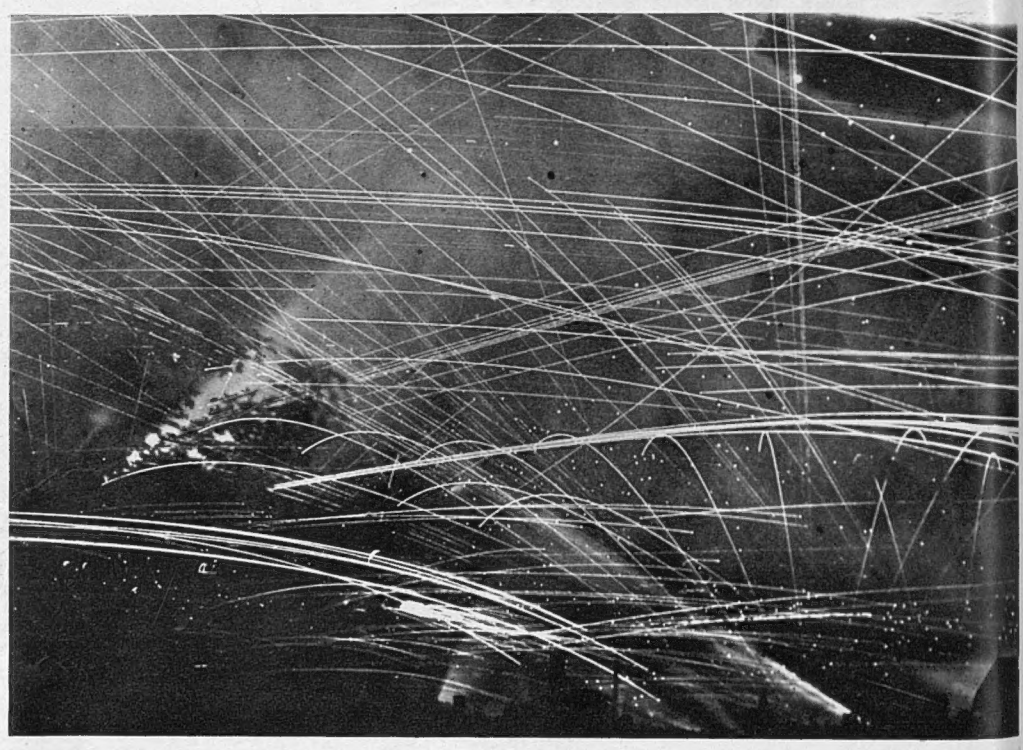
The main facts about the new German "secret weapon" are now known to most people through statements made in the House of Commons and descriptions in the Press. The pilotless planes are launched from catapult projectors (which are probably heavily camouflaged) located in the Pas de Calais and as far south as Dieppe. The plane itself carries a jet-driven petrol engine, which gives it a speed in straight and level flight of from 300 to 350 m.p.h.: the noises it makes in flight are due to the intermittent explosions within the jet unit. The range is about 150 miles. Construction is all of steel: the actual bomb, weighing about one ton, is carried in the war-head mounted in a thin metal casing in the front part of the fuselage. There is no radio control, as was at first thought by some people: an "automatic pilot," working through gyros, is set before the take-off. Once the missile has been launched, therefore, the enemy has no control over its further movements.

Owing to attacks carried out for many months past, ranging from Peenemunde, on the Baltic coast, to the Pas de Calais, the scale of the attacks was materially cut down by the Allied Air Forces. The planes cross the Channel only one at a time: sometimes four have been seen within a short space of time—but all proceeding singly. They have been coming over at intervals of about five minutes each, and each emits its own distinctive sound.

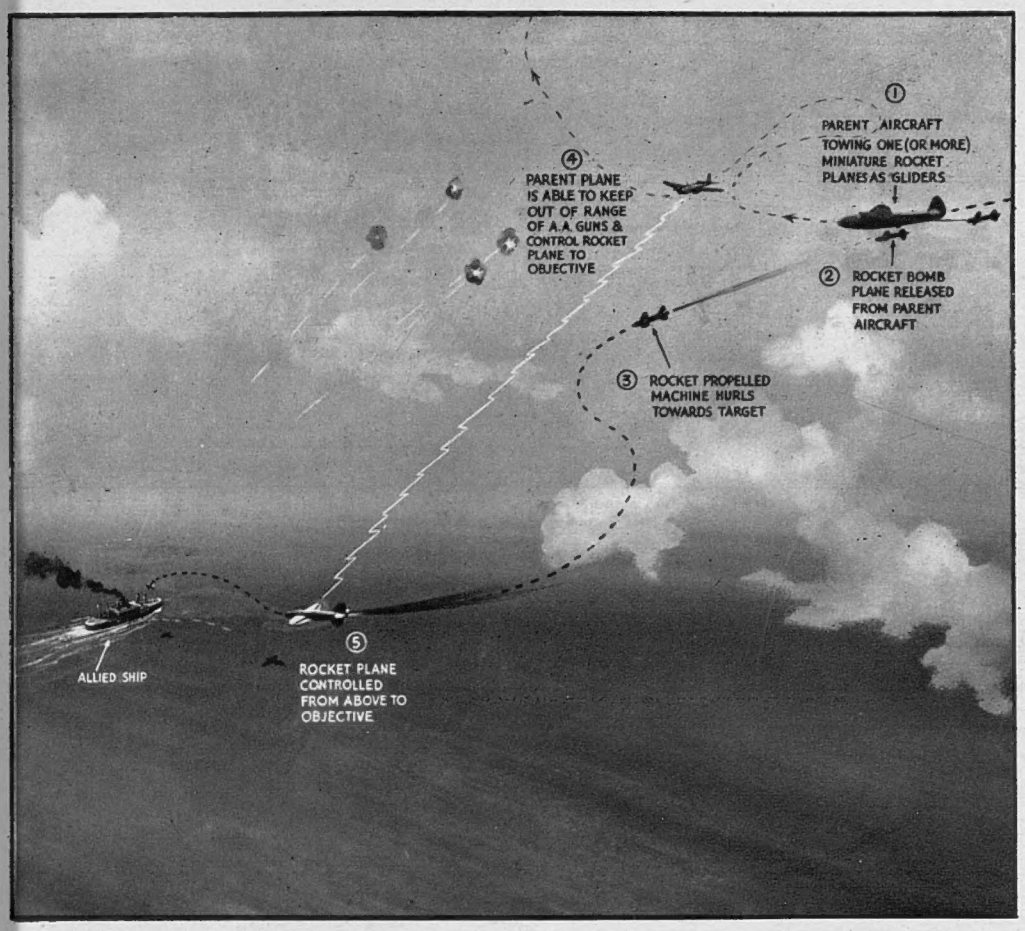
In the daytime, the destruction of the flying bombs has been left mainly to the fighter planes of the Air Defence of Great Britain. At night the Army puts up a barrage louder and bigger than the South Coast has ever heard before. There are other devices being employed which are still secret. Many of the pilotless planes have already been destroyed by one or other of these



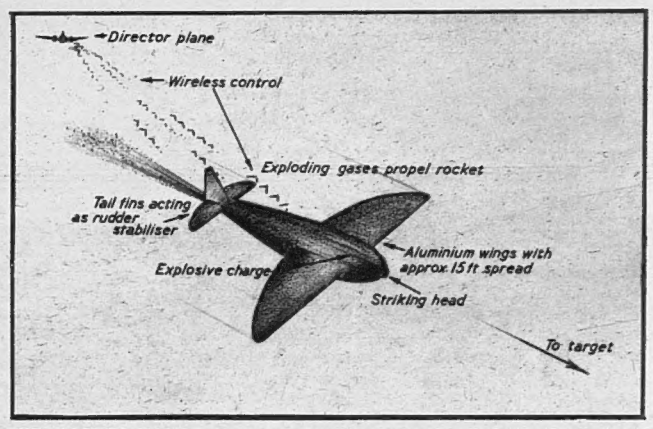
ANOTHER VIEW OF A PLANE AS IT DIVED TO EARTH, with flame streaking from the propulsion unit, after crossing the coast. The flying bombs cross the Channel only one at a time at intervals of about five minutes. In appearance they resemble a cut-down Spitfire



ONE OF THE MEASURES EMPLOYED AGAINST THE PILOTLESS PLANES: A scene in the night sky over Southern England as a portion of the air defences go into action against the new German weapon. At times the sky has been filled with flak and tracers



THE GERMAN "SECRET WEAPON" WHICH PRECEDED THE PILOTLESS PLANE—the wireless-controlled "rocket bomb," a rocket-assisted glider released from an aircraft at great height and directed towards its target—*Drawing by Roland Davies*



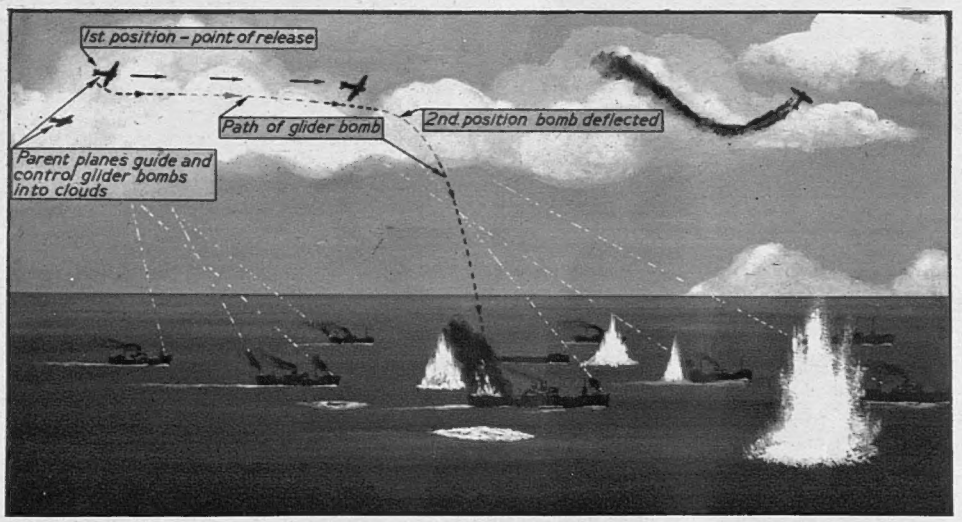
THE ROCKET BOMB used by the Germans in Italy and against shipping—a diagram which shows its size and shape and other details—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

The bomb is believed to be about 20 to 30 ft. in length, with tail fins acting as a rudder stabiliser. It has a wing span of about 15 ft., and it is apparently armour-piercing. The bomb is released from the belly of a twin-engined Heinkel, which drops its flaps and slows down in the air while the rocket shoots ahead into the pilot's vision under radio control. The pilot exercises control of the bomb according to what he can see of its flight. It can make a sharp turn against a target from the side, if necessary. Although it is apparently under good control at all times (except when the control plane is interfered with by Allied fighters), many of the bombs fall in the water because the pilot has lost control at the last minute or overshot the mark. The Germans first used rocket bombs in numbers at Salerno. Witnesses say that when in flight the rocket bears red and green lights at the tail. The weapon has been likened to a kite with a triangular aluminium sheet serving as a glider. Under the latter there is a vertical metal bar which encloses the motor direction-gear. The rear end contains a big cylinder in which are several tubes for the exhaust of the explosive gases propelling the rocket

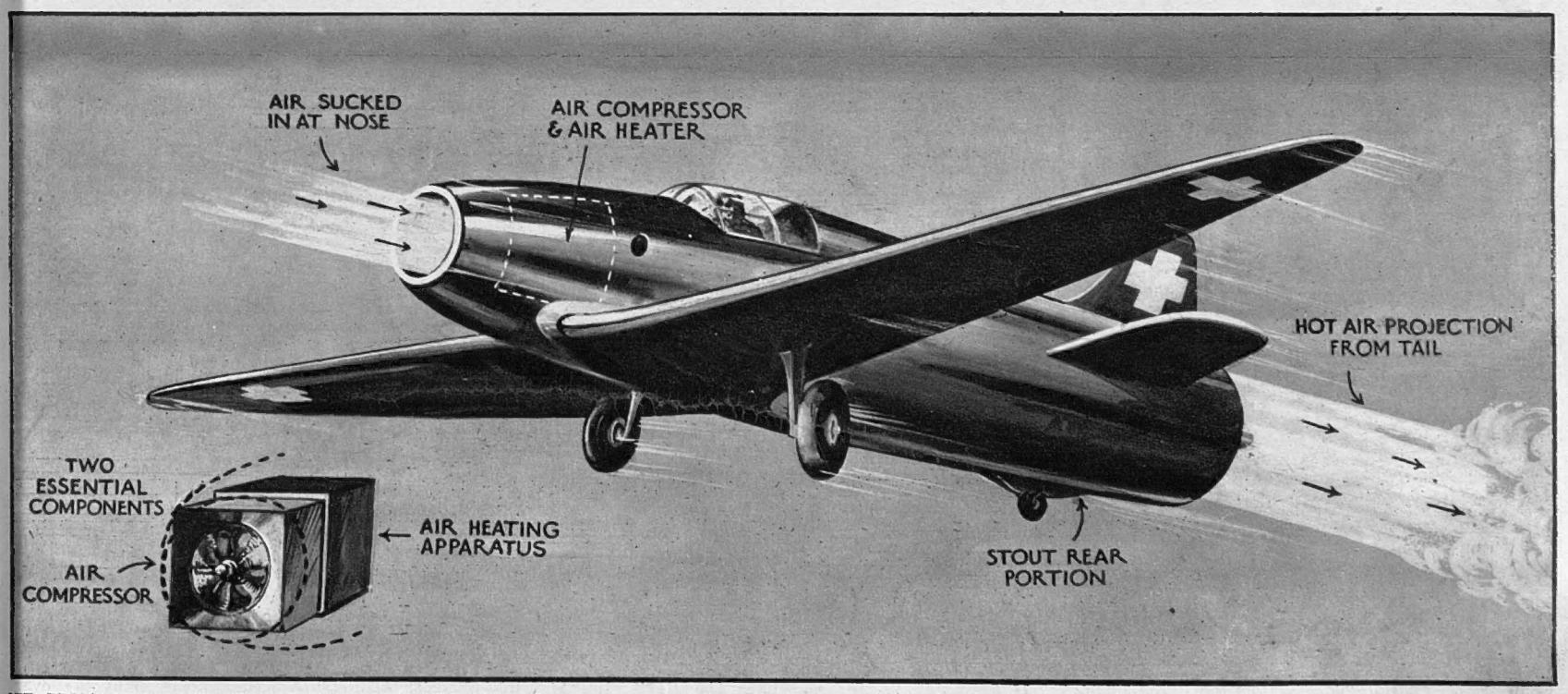
The ROCKET BOMB and the JET PLANE

When the first announcements of the pilotless planes were made, many thought that they were being operated by radio—rather like the "rocket bomb," of which details were given by Mr. Churchill to the House of Commons in September last. To illustrate that subject we then published the drawings which are now reproduced again on this page: they will serve to emphasise the differences between the two types of bombs—the "rocket bomb" and the "flying bomb."

One other fact of great importance has emerged, however—that the pilotless planes are driven by rocket propulsion. The drawing reproduced below was first published in THE SPHERE in the issue of January 22, 1944. It is given again, in order to illustrate the principles underlying this method. With this type of aircraft no propeller is necessary, nor is it necessary to carry immense loads of petrol. When this drawing was first published in THE SPHERE, we stated that the jet-propelled plane "bids fair to outstrip all other types in performance—notably in speed and climb." It may be that a consideration of these two factors has induced the Germans to apply jet-propulsion to their present pilotless planes. The principal features of the jet plane are indicated in the drawing, and the essential components are analysed in detail



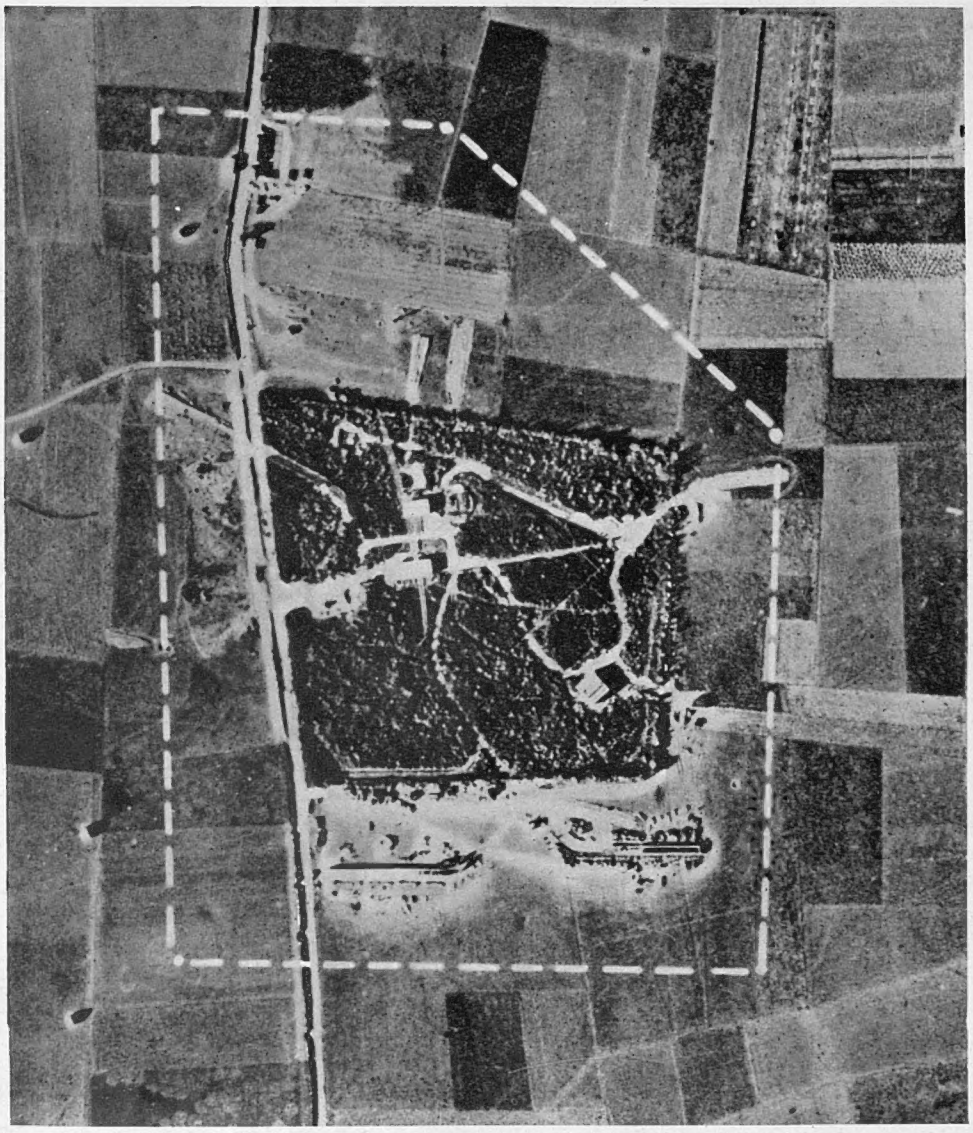
HOW THE GLIDER BOMB HAS BEEN USED AGAINST SHIPPING. In this case, unlike the pilotless plane, the missile is radio-controlled from a parent aircraft. These bombs can be kept under control for quite a long period, so long as the directing plane is not attacked by Allied aircraft. They have even been known to disappear into cloud, under direction from the parent plane, in order to elude our fighters—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*



JET PROPULSION, AND HOW IT WAS FIRST ACHIEVED. The German new pilotless planes, or flying bombs, have revived the recent interest in this subject, as they are operated on the same principle. Above is shown the Caproni-Campini C.C.I., whose first flights were made in August 1940, and which later flew from Taliedo aerodrome to Rome—168 miles, in two and a quarter hours—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

BOMBING the ROBOT BASES

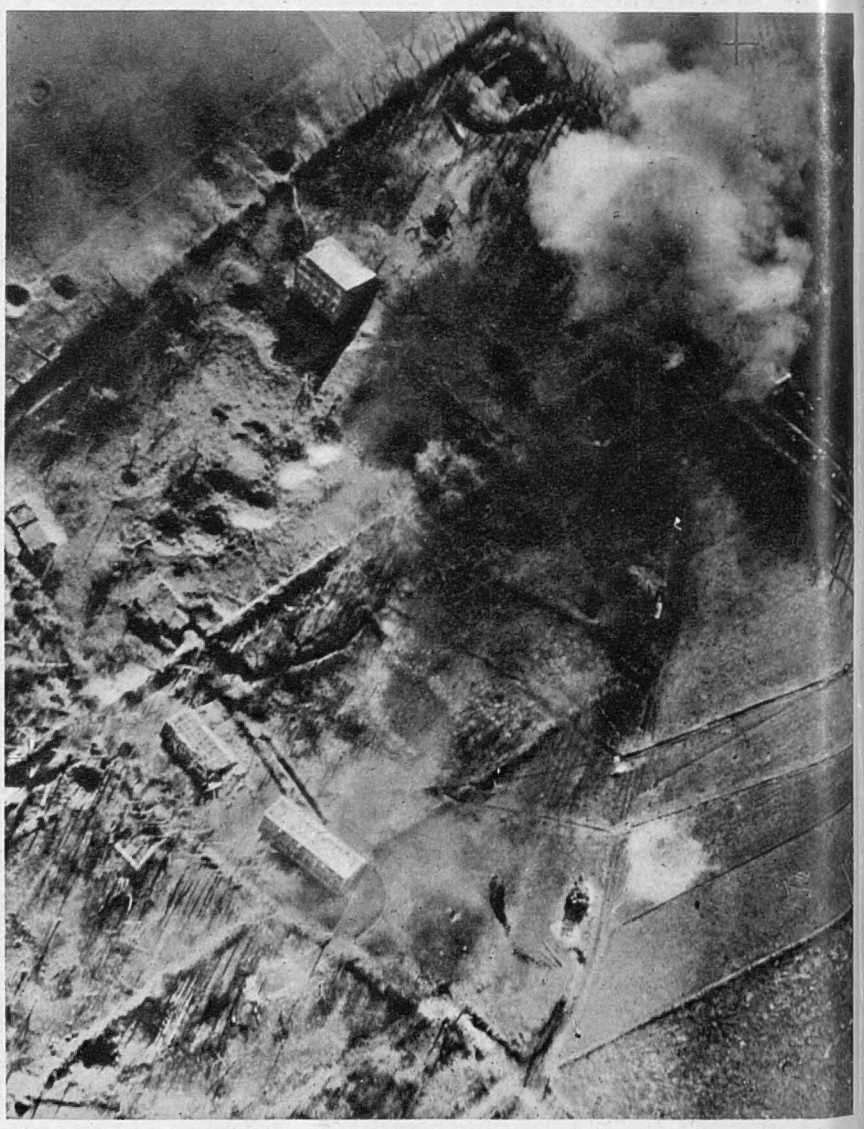
The R.A.F. Attack the Launching Installations Behind the Coast in the Pas de Calais Area



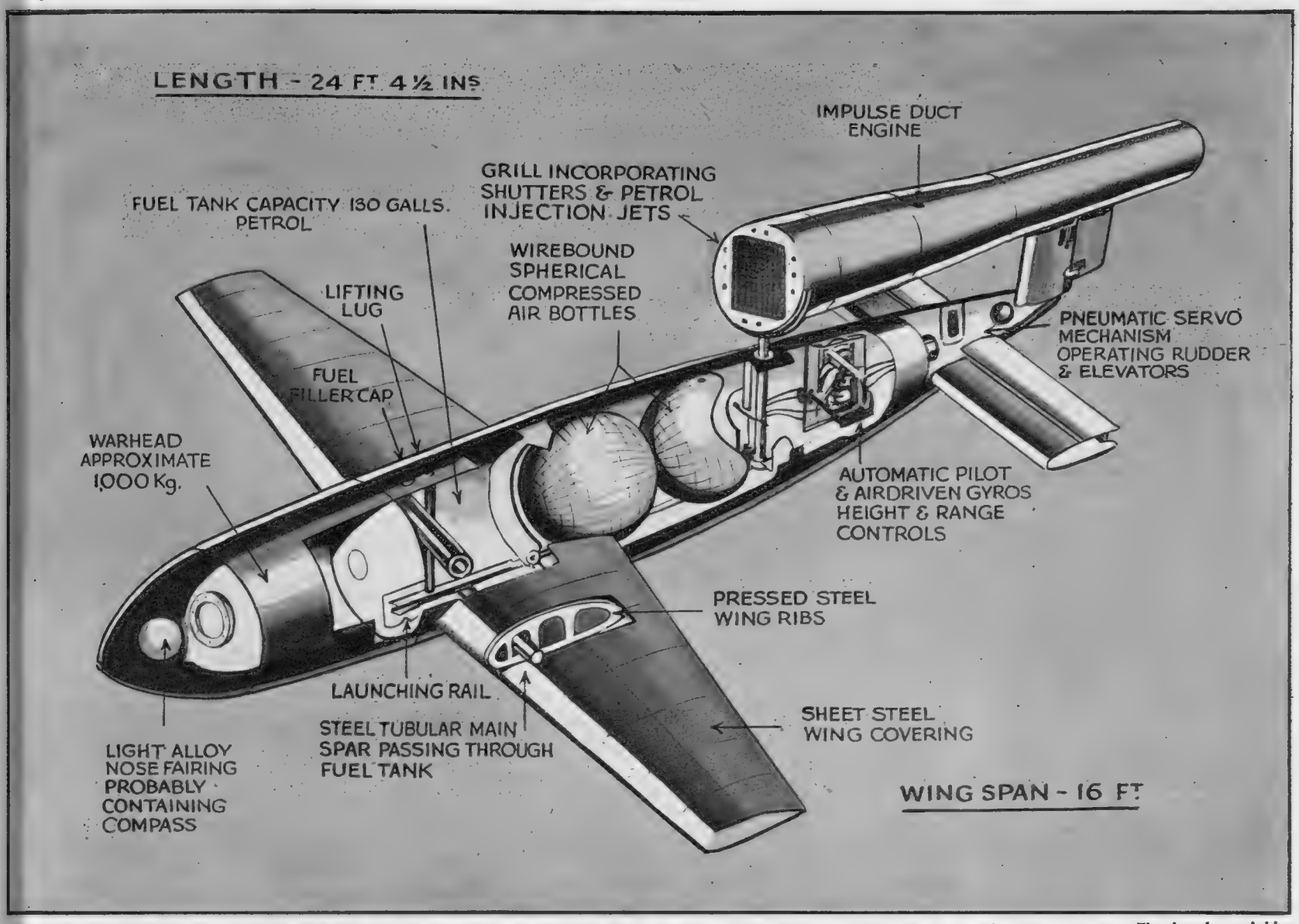
ONE OF THE FIRST "FLYING-BOMB" INSTALLATIONS FOUND BY THE R.A.F. IN NORTHERN FRANCE. The buildings used for the storage of the pilotless planes are placed outside the wood: hidden in the wood itself are the launching cradles from which the craft is shot into the air. The location of this lair has been described as somewhere between "thirty miles south of Calais and seven miles north of Abbeville." This reconnaissance photograph was taken before R.A.F. aircraft attacked the site—now see picture on right

AFTER THE TARGET HAD BEEN ATTACKED: The wood and the lair inside it as they looked when the raid was over. Most of the installations are only a short distance inland from the coast. Allied bombers of all types have been carrying out devastating attacks upon them

HOW THE GERMANS HAVE CAMOUFLAGED THEIR "FLYING-BOMB" BASES: This installation was built in the centre of a French village; it was located by the R.A.F. and heavily pounded by bombers. The shell-craters on every side show how the bomb loads were dropped



ONE OF THE BASES ATTACKED BY THE R.A.F. A view of a launching site in France with its ramp—in the bottom centre. To the left of the picture and to the top are the buildings which house the German personnel and apparatus. This picture was taken just after R.A.F. bombs had been dropped



HOW THE PILOTLESS AIRCRAFT IS CONSTRUCTED—a provisional sectional drawing of the new German weapon, showing its various components. The bomb, weighing 1,000 kilos., is contained in a "war-head" in the nose: the jet-propulsion unit is mounted above the fuselage at the tail; the automatic pilot is located just in front of the tailplane—*Drawing (from official material) by E. G. Lambert*

Included in this drawing are all the details of design and construction. The plane is built almost entirely of steel: it is jet-propelled, and is operated during flight by an automatic pilot set before the take-off. The aircraft is launched from a ramp, probably with the aid of a take-off rocket: it is these ramps which have been subjected to intensive bombing by strong forces of R.A.F. bombers during recent days. The launching installations lie roughly on a line 30 miles south of Calais and 7 miles north of Abbeville: most of them are only a short distance inland and run due north and south—that is, pointed directly towards Southern England. All are, apparently, concealed in woods and villages. According to the Paris radio, "the runway for flying bombs is approximately 120 yards long and 20 yards wide. At one end stands a small one-roomed building with glass walls, in which German officers sit round a large table, with a detailed map of Southern England. The officers fix the targets and give orders by a loud-speaker to the men who operate the send-off"

THE BUILDINGS ON A GERMAN LAUNCHING SITE after a low-level attack by the R.A.F. The site is pitted with bomb-craters and smoke from a bursting bomb is drifting across the target area

LAUNCHING INSTALLATIONS SURROUNDED BY SHELL-CRATERS. A successful attack has obviously been made here by Allied bombers, the whole area being pitted by big craters caused by heavy bombs

THE REMAINS OF A PILOTLESS PLANE WHICH WAS SHOT DOWN OVER SOUTHERN ENGLAND. Fighter aircraft have been successfully engaged on this task, and numbers have been destroyed by Spitfires and by Tempests (the new super-fighter) and others. Here pilots from a near-by airfield are examining the wreckage of one of the "flying bombs" to discover its vulnerable parts. The tail of the craft lies in the foreground of the picture

INSIDE THE DE GAULLE TANGLE

A Frank Discussion of Many of the Reasons for the Estrangement Between the French Leader and Two Chief Allied Powers By FERDINAND TUOHY

FROM remarks made by the Prime Minister and reverberations across the Atlantic, one would imagine the trouble or hold-up in regard to General de Gaulle to be wrapped in mystery. Leader-writers demand that the truth, held secret, shall be revealed, and ask why there would be "widespread pain" if this happened.

If riddle or enigma there be, enough has come out, in all conscience, to enable us to put parts of the jigsaw together. I propose, therefore, to set down the variety of "explanations" that have been made in this quarter and that. It may be that the true explanation is a composite of the lot. Alternately, that one overrules all the others. At any rate, here they are:

That the sorry imbroglio is all, or nearly all, traceable to President Roosevelt's pettiness and petulance, pride, obstinacy and swollen-headedness. These terms are not mine, but are lifted from cross-Atlantic quotations. For we do well to note that a whole side of American opinion is pro-de Gaulle, or, better said, in favour of recognising Fact; so that to criticise, be out of step with, the United States' official attitude in this matter is by no means to be so with regard to all Americans.

The President is spoken of as having backed the wrong horse (some insist, Pétain himself), and as too proud to acknowledge his error. On top of this came several instances of General de Gaulle asserting himself against American plans and projects; while, to crown matters, the President took a pronounced dislike, at Casablanca, to the huge, full-throated, blunt-speaking, dogmatic Frenchman.

Next, that General de Gaulle and some of his associates are suspect of planning to impose anti-democratic rule upon the French people. This striking care for the perpetuation of French liberties, while at some variance with our official attitude to the Spanish multitude, is none the less to be praised. At the same time, it tends to regard the highly democratic measures which the Provisional Government and Consultative Assembly have foreshadowed for the next French Republic as so much eyewash thrown in the faces of all French people. What is more remarkable, it suggests that the Resistance leaders in Algiers have been bamboozled by a man with whom they are in daily close contact.

If one asks Frenchmen about this "personal rule" aspect, they reply, in as many words: "We know our de Gaulle. If he tries any tricks, believe me, we shall know how to deal with him. But he won't. And in any case, whose business is that but ours?" (My own view is that the General's personality will deeply impregnate the France ahead, but that, unforeseen circumstances apart, he will stay within the law of France and of nations.)

To resume with facets of the "enigma," we find the view expressed that de Gaulle's troubles arise from the fact that he has turned out too Left-wing and progressive, even revolutionary, to please certain quarters set on conserving a less advanced framework for the Continent. Recollect that the opening reaction of American notables, when confronted by "the Gaullists" at Algiers, was: "These men are revolutionaries!"

It was hardly to be foreseen that a former Royalist officer and graduate of St. Cyr would espouse such "popular" measures as the nationalisation of banks, key resources, public utilities, insurance, and more besides. So it has been thumbs down to de Gaulle because, during four years of adaptability unexpected even by his intimates, he has been won to profound departures from pre-war times.

Associated with this "solution," you hear it claimed that the General has not really got the support he believes he has; that extremists are lying in wait for him, while currently profiting by his great prestige. This line of thought goes on to say that at the first opportunity the French Communists will break with the General, and proclaim a Communist State, hoping to be backed by Moscow, where the French Communist leader Thorez (barred by de Gaulle as a deserter from the 1939 Army) broadcasts to his native land.

Therefore, the argument goes, de Gaulle is a European danger, a strong man, but in the line of the Kerenskys all the same, unappreciative of the true position in his own regard. Then there is what may be called the "Explanation of the Dossier." It is suggested that if this were opened, "a trail of Anglophobia" would be emitted, or, more precisely, that General de Gaulle has sought independent action out of harmony with the common fight against the Axis. Specifically, the *Observer* writes of his "pounce on St. Pierre and Miquelon, against pledges to Britain and the request of America." And again: "His threat to withdraw from the pool the French African territories under his control when they were a life-link to the Middle East is well known." While "his very recent refusal, whatever the provocation, to pay any tribute to the essential solidarity of the Allied Forces when the invasion of France had started, and countless lives and his own land were at stake, is fresh in mind."

THE VILLAGERS OF FRANCE LISTEN TO REAL NEWS AT LAST. Residents of the village of Sommervieu, near Bayeux, have gathered round the radio of a British Army car to listen to the latest war reports. The radio sets in this village were all confiscated by the Germans some time ago: but now they are able once again to get authentic news uncoloured by anti-Allied propaganda

I was under the impression that Admiral Muselier took the islands and that there resulted a spot of bother between the sailor and de Gaulle. As for the African life-line, the General gave me a statement for broadcasting in which he welcomed their full use. But he is a bargainer, like anyone else, and when he felt that French interests were being slighted, he doubtless threatened to play cards. He has all along resented not being consulted, and trusted, about campaigns in French territories (Syria, Madagascar, North Africa, Normandy), and resented that greater French military participation was not invited.

One answer, of course, is the Dakar fiasco and the slipping out of that secret.

That no vibrant pro-Ally speech accompanied the Norman landings may be traced to the same sources. This intense French patriot felt he had been cold-shouldered again; and, indeed, not a few will regret that Mr. Churchill missed the opportunity of embarking with General de Gaulle in *La Combattante*. That would have been a gesture for the ages, and rather different from giving priority to the man who so recently announced that France had gone in our time.

It will be noted that in putting forward these "explanations," I draw now on the critics of the General, now on his upholders. Pursuing the Anglophobia notion, I once put this aspect to a leading Frenchman here, who expressed the fear that the General might be propelled against his own feelings into a camp that already had too many latent possibilities.

Foreigners had to understand that de Gaulle intended jealously to guard every inch of French territory while France remained grievously wounded, and that he feared infiltration disguised as being for military reasons only and purely temporary. This explained his forays, whose bluntness was mistaken for unfriendliness, even hostility. In order to defeat Vichy propaganda against him, it was imperative that he should never appear to be in Britain's, or anybody else's, pocket.

This leads to another interpretation of the trouble: that the rise of de Gaulle cuts across the grandiose conception of the United States, the British Commonwealth, the U.S.S.R. and China sitting on a raised dais above the rest of mankind in the decades ahead. The artificial inflation of divided China is seen as inspired by the planned pounce on markets, as well as being an emanation of Power-politics. In either case, a strong man in France, capable of developing that country's full world influence anew, is not wished for in certain high quarters.

Rather is the search, if not for a French yes-man, at any rate for a regulation *bourgeois* politician who would be more susceptible to doing deals over air bases and other matters than ever could be expected of de Gaulle, who would require a firm *quid pro quo* in each case. As an instance, the General assuredly aims at making France a strong military force again, and he would challenge foot by foot any scheme tending to make the "teeth" of the successor League of Nations exclusively Big Four ivories.

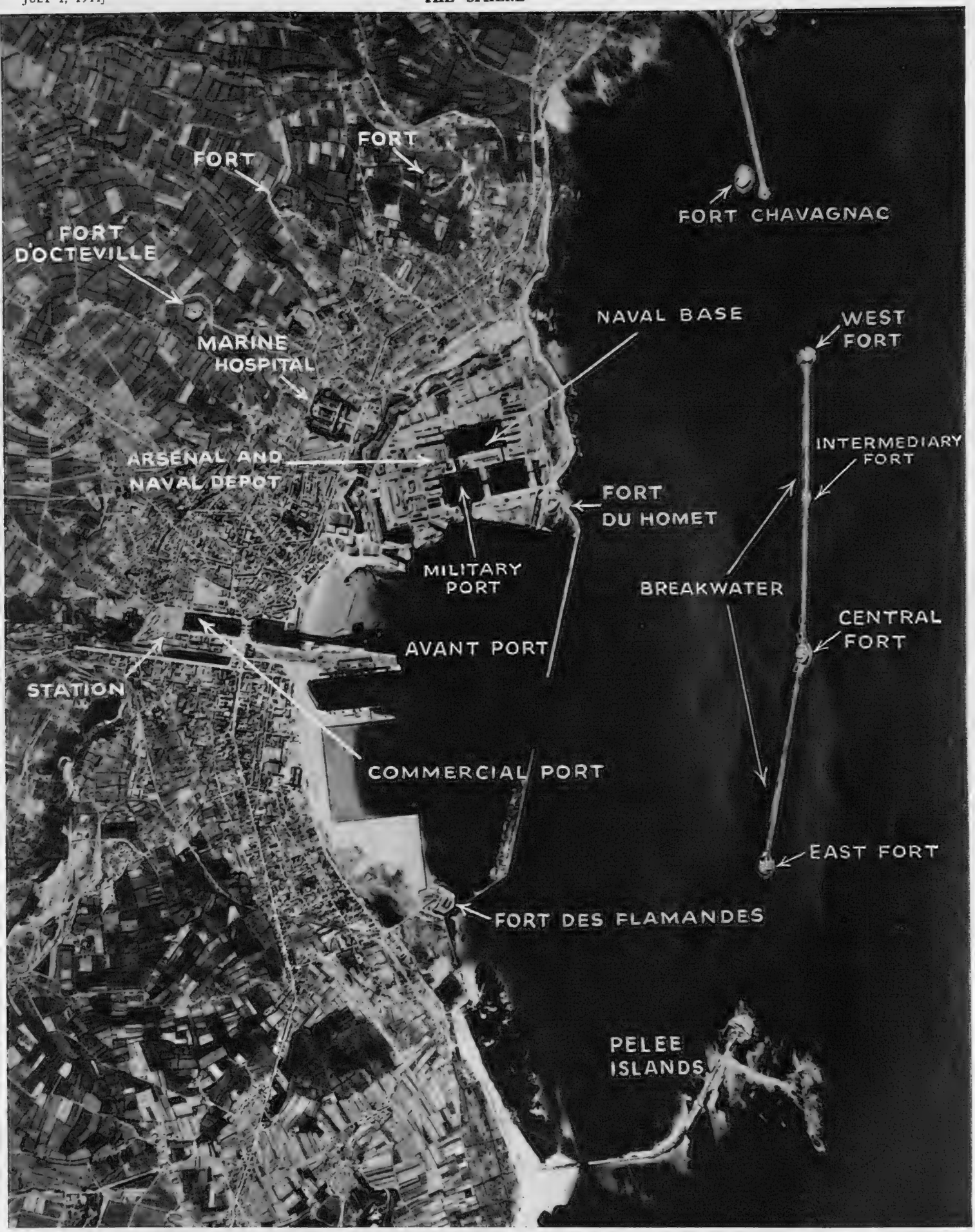
The next "explanation" is human and understandable. I take it from the French clandestine newspapers. It says that the honest, though unperceiving, sailor Admiral Leahy misconstrued the Pétainists while Ambassador at Vichy, and reported that the Marshal was in reality pro-Ally, and only biding his time to welcome all who were fighting the Nazis. This took in the rulers at Washington, in particular, and the deception went on when too much attention was paid there to French Fifth Columnists.

Chief of these is ex-Premier Chautemps, still at Washington, whither he steered his steps, from South America, as a Pétain agent. Chautemps was, perhaps, second only to Laval in responsibility for the Bordeaux capitulation, and he was recently de-bunked in no uncertain manner by the Men of Algiers. The words lent to Mr. Roosevelt, that he will "treat with all anti-Nazi French," are read as covering a refusal to acknowledge that he backed a loser, whatever the promptings for his doing so.

Along with this may conceivably go a matter of honour, of "keeping one's word." Were certain arrangements or promises made in respect of the Pétainists, or of other French politicians or soldiers in the background who have not openly collaborated? We know how Giraud was promised the command, and the dramatic episode at Gibraltar. The deal with Giraud came to naught, but was he the only one with whom an arrangement was made under the rose?

Have I shed any light? Or is it a worse tangle than ever? Whatever the effect, readers of THE SPHERE will hardly be surprised by my collecting the above "explanations." It was on this page as long ago as 1941 (later in the two following years) that I tipped the General as being inevitable for France, adding that it would be extra foolish to turn this man into an enemy after we had conspicuously facilitated his rise.

Every foreign slighting of de Gaulle makes him only bigger in the estimate of practically all French people. The danger is that these people, our closest neighbours, may be driven away from us into a European system of unforeseeable texture, when they might form with us an unassailable western bastion of whatever kind of Europe is to be.



A REMARKABLY VIVID OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE HARBOUR AREA, showing the docks and jetties, and the location of some of the fortresses by which Cherbourg is defended from the seaward side. To the west of the port lies the very strong Naval Harbour and Arsenal (in the upper section of this view)

THE GREAT BASE OF CHERBOURG

Whose Capture by the Allies Became the Principal Task After the Landings in Normandy

Cherbourg lies at the northern end of what is known as the Cotentin Peninsula. Its capture was the first task of the American forces landed at the base of the peninsula, who worked their way northwards in dramatic fashion and despite heavy opposition from the enemy. For an invading army, Cherbourg is a prize worth getting. Before the war, the town was a strongly-fortified station of the French Navy, and the Germans certainly did not allow its redoubts and fortifications to fall into neglect during the four years of their occupation. The Naval Harbour (seen at the top of the above picture) consists of three large and several smaller basins, with adjuncts in the form of docks, dry-docks, workshops, magazines, etc., the whole defended by extensive fortifications. The commercial harbour, too, is considerable, with accommodation for very large vessels. Outside is the roadstead, protected by an immense breakwater from the exposed north. On this there are no fewer than four forts, with others located on the mainland in support. The importance of Cherbourg to the Germans may be gauged from the number of troops they concentrated within the peninsula and the stubborn resistance they have offered to the advancing Americans

The AMERICAN "SHUTTLE-BOMBERS" in RUSSIA

Scenes on the Aerodrome after They had Landed in the U.S.S.R. at the End of a Shuttle Raid on Rumania

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. DEAN, HEAD OF THE U.S. MILITARY MISSION IN RUSSIA, makes a short speech on one of the American air bases after Flying Fortresses had landed after their shuttle raid on military installations in Rumania. Mr. Averill Harriman, American Ambassador to Russia, and Major-General Slavin, Representative of the Soviet High Command, are on the General's left

SOME OF THE MUSTANG FIGHTERS, which accompanied the Flying Fortresses on their long trip across Europe, at the take-off. Note the long-range fuel tanks below the aircraft

THESE AMERICAN W.A.C.S. WERE SENT OUT TO PREPARE THE SOVIET AIRFIELDS now in use for the shuttle bombers. Some are nurses, others are in charge of cooking arrangements and office work

Above and on right—AFTER THEIR FIRST SUCCESSFUL LANDING, American airmen queue up for dinner. Russian cooks worked under the supervision of W.A.C.S., and dinner was waiting for the men on arrival

At the very beginning of the present month, American long-range bombers and fighters—presumably coming from Italy—landed in Russia after the first historic shuttle raid on targets in South-East Europe. The raiders, which comprised Flying Fortresses and Mustangs, after attacking military installations in Rumania, flew on to new American air-bases which have been built in secret on Soviet territory. As soon as the planes landed, American ground crews began preparing them for their return flights. It then became known that photographic air reconnaissance had been made along the various shuttle-bombing routes for some time. The establishment of the "shuttle" was amongst the best-kept secrets of the war: American ground crews and a number of women of the W.A.C.S. were amongst the personnel transferred to Russia for this specific purpose. The establishment of American bases on Soviet territory arose from the decisions of the Moscow and Teheran Conferences: it increases greatly the scope of the bombing of Nazi Europe. Areas which have been practically outside the range of Allied bombers from Italy, North Africa and Britain, can now be struck with full loads of bombs, including the places to which the Germans evacuated many of their industry and assembly plants. The establishment of these bases involves a large degree of reverse Lease-Lend as many of the supplies, including large quantities of food, are Russian

AMERICAN AIRMEN IN THE U.S.S.R., with Russian pilots whom they met on the specially prepared aerodrome after their first shuttle raid across south-eastern Europe and Rumania

THE PILOT WITH HIS AMERICAN GROUND MECHANIC at the start of the return flight. As soon as the planes landed in Russia, they were serviced by the American ground crews in waiting

DINNER ON THE AERODROME: A group of American officers who took part in the great flight after their arrival in Russia

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE WRECKED TOWN OF ST. SAUVEUR LE VICOMTE—taken from a Piper Cub reconnaissance plane of the Ninth Division Artillery. This town lies in a key position on the road to the west coast of the Cherbourg Peninsula : it was captured by the Americans as they drove a thin wedge to the sea before turning north for the assault on the town and harbour of Cherbourg itself. The wedge was driven in 12½ days, and it is estimated that a German force of three divisions—between 25,000 and 30,000 men—was trapped through the swiftness of the thrust. After the capture of St. Sauveur the wedge was gradually widened, the defenders of the northern part being cut off from the south

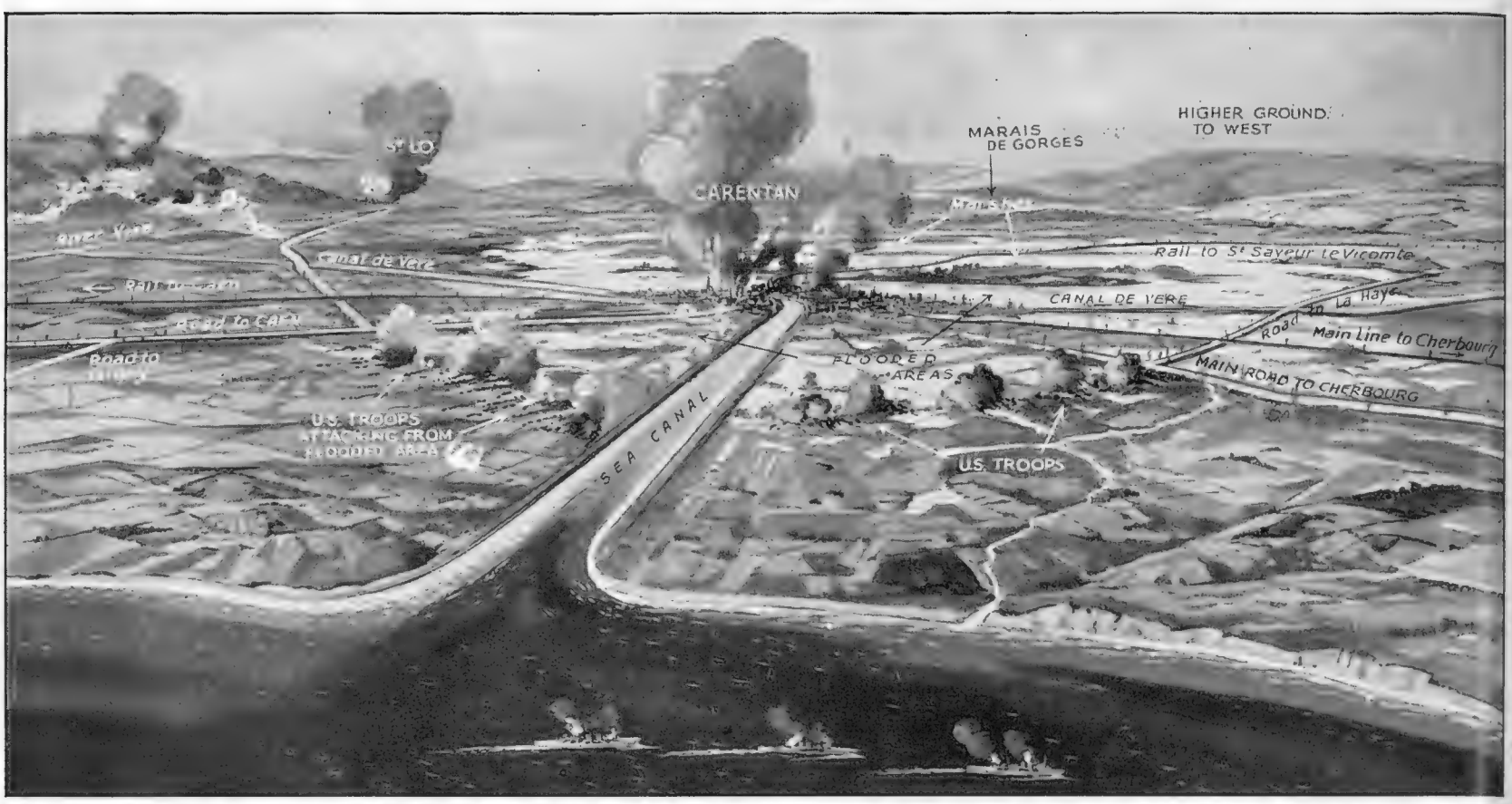
BATTLE SCENES from FRANCE

During the Advance to Cherbourg and in the Fighting at Tilly-sur-Seulles

The pictures on this page come from the two ends of the battle line in France : St. Sauveur lies in the base of the Cherbourg Peninsula, Tilly is a keypoint in the struggle for Caen, on the left flank of the beachhead. Heavy fighting took place at both points before the Germans were ousted, and the pictures reproduced here indicate how severe the struggle must have been in both sectors

AMERICAN TROOPS MOVE THROUGH ST. JAQUES DE NEHOU en route to Barneville and Carteret, on the west coast of the Cherbourg Peninsula. The cutting off of the northern portion made the direct assault on the great naval base of Cherbourg from the landward side a practical military operation

THE CAPTURE OF TILLY-SUR-SEULLES, IN THE CAEN SECTOR : Royal Engineers clearing mines from the main street. Tilly was captured by British troops on June 19 : the town was badly damaged by shell-fire, and many wrecked German tanks and vehicles were found in the streets. The latter were heavily mined, in the usual enemy fashion, but sappers were soon at work clearing away the minefields so that the infantry could complete the work of occupation



THE FIGHT FOR CARENTAN, KEYPOINT IN THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA, where a fierce struggle took place through the flooded areas in front of, and around, the town. By the capture of Carentan, the northern part of the Cherbourg Peninsula was cut off. Beyond the areas flooded by the Germans is a great region of marshland—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

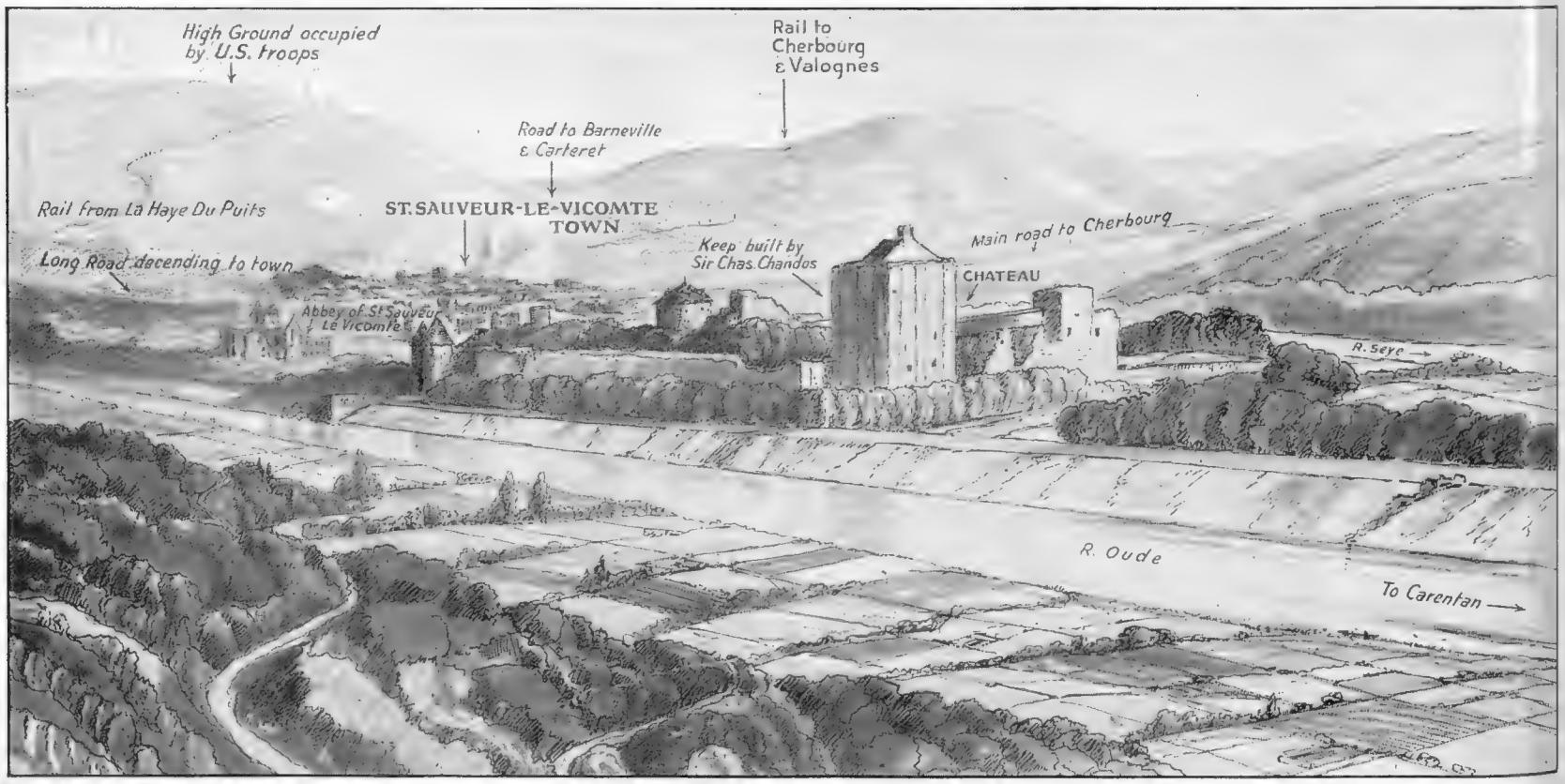
The ADVANCE to CHERBOURG

The Steps which Led to the Cutting Off of the Peninsula and the Great Port

—Special Sphere Drawings

To secure the possession of the Cherbourg Peninsula, it was necessary to capture the strongly defended town of Carentan, some 30 miles S.E. of the port of Cherbourg. The Germans had flooded all the area around the town, making approach to their defensive lines a difficult matter. It meant in many cases fighting actually through water which reached up to the waists of the U.S. infantry. These flooded fields were, fortunately, intersected by certain roads and railways which caused embankments and provided lines of approach. The true marsh area, which is a conspicuous feature of the Carentan region, fortunately lies behind the town. Infantry were able to approach under a smoke-screen, and after fierce fighting, to establish themselves in front of Carentan. They were well supported by artillery, who also fought their guns under very trying conditions, half in and half out of the water, and by naval gunfire. Part of the town broke into flames, and the Germans were compelled to beat a retreat into the country behind the town, from which they attempted to counter-attack. This vital keypoint was successfully held, with its strategic roads and railways in Allied hands

THE AMERICANS REACH THE WEST COAST on the Cherbourg Peninsula. They pushed through the town like a whirlwind, after the Germans retreating at full speed for Cherbourg. Prisoners were turned over to the local police and lodged in the town's gaol



THE SEALING-OFF OF THE NORTHERN HALF OF THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA: The capture by the Americans of the historic town of St. Sauveur le Vicomte, through which the main road to Cherbourg runs—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Part of the line which was established across the Cherbourg Peninsula by American troops ran through the little town of St. Sauveur le Vicomte. The district is one of considerable historic interest. In the Middle Ages its connections with England were numerous. Just outside the town there exists the extensive remains of the Castle of St. Sauveur. The main walls still present a commanding appearance, although the interior work has been largely cleared away. One of the main outer works was designed to defend the great keep built by Sir Chas. Chandos. Another was to defend the castle from the side of the town. The little River Oude acted as a natural defence of one side of the fortress chateau. At a little distance from the castle there are also to be seen the striking remains of the Abbey Church of St. Sauveur le Vicomte, the architecture of which dates from several periods. The Harcourt family, who held St. Sauveur till the middle of the fourteenth century, bestowed much care upon the preservation of the Abbey, but its buildings were destined to suffer damage during the fighting which took place during the reign of Edward III. In the view given here, the long road leading to the north from St. Sauveur is seen passing through the valley and over rising ground to the right in the direction of Cherbourg. A smaller branch road leads through the hills towards Barneville and Carteret. The high ground on the left was occupied by the Allied Forces. The railway to Cherbourg and Valognes skirts the town and passes through the hills in a north-westerly direction

AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE CENTRAL SECTOR OF THE NORMANDY FRONT, where the great tank battles around Tilly and Caumont have been taking place. A diagrammatic view which shows how the Allied thrusts to the southward were made which brought about a quick enemy reply and where British tanks and infantry surprised the Germans by their strong thrust west of Tilly—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The above drawing is taken from above some high ground to the south of Caumont and Villers Bocage, where the enemy attempted to stay the Allied advance. The area consists of undulating territory, often thickly wooded, and elsewhere highly cultivated with numerous orchards. Several valleys running north and south pierce this fruitful countryside. On the west there is the valley of the Vire River, passing St. Lo, towards Isigny, with its tributary, the Elle, which joins the River Vire, near Neuilly. Through another wooded valley flows the little River Dromme, which flows past Balleroy, to join the River Aure, to the east of Trevieres. Still further to the east there is another valley through which flows the River Seulles. The hotly-contested area of Tilly lies about this valley. Just to the west of Tilly the ground dips again where the River Aure rises and dips towards Bayeux. Villers Bocage overlooks the valley of the River Odon.

Bayeux, in the central sector, had fallen to the first surprise of the invasion, and it was from this area that the British troops pushed southwards along the Seulles Valley.

The little town of Tilly-sur-Seulles, important as a road junction, was captured by British tanks on June 11, and from that time has been the centre of much fierce fighting. The little village of Villers Bocage lay below the hills. It was entered by British tanks, who seized it, but could not hold it against the attack of the Third Panzer Division. The British withdrew to hilly ground outside, where a fierce battle between armour took place on June 15.

To the west of Villers Bocage, the Americans had pressed down to Caumont, about 8 miles away. They surrounded the little town with infantry, massing guns at the chief entrance till the whole place was filled with smoke and dust and burning houses. It was subsequently retaken by the Germans, but has been regained, and is said to be firmly occupied.

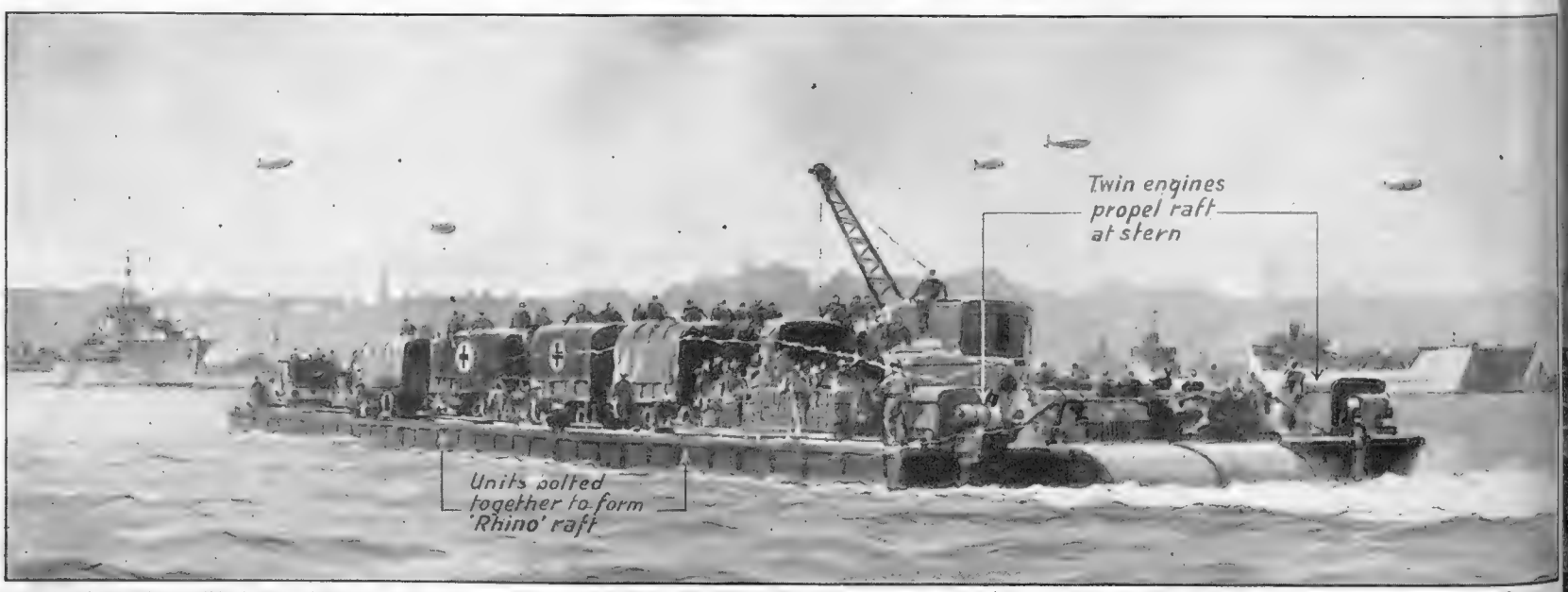
Tilly also remains in British hands, though it has been an in-and-out business, and little now remains of the little town beyond rubble

AN HEROIC INCIDENT DURING THE CLIFF LANDINGS IN NORMANDY. U.S. Rangers scaling a 100-ft. bluff to attack a German gun position which commanded the beaches—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Rangers had the task of knocking out German batteries on a cliff which could sweep the whole transport anchorage area, and even the warships standing off the coast. They shot a grappling hook into the air and it caught on top of the cliff. One man "shinned" up the line leading to the hook. Around his body he carried four rope-ladders which he draped over the side of the cliff. Up the ladders the Rangers went. The Germans on top rolled hand-grenades down the slopes. They tried to cut toggle lines, they threw everything they had at the men coming at them—but they didn't stop them. In little groups of twos and threes they scrambled over the top and went to work

THE MERCHANT NAVY PLAYS ITS PART IN THE INVASION OF FRANCE: THE CONSTANT PROCESSION OF FREIGHTERS ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO KEEP THE BEACHES SUPPLIED WITH THE MUNITIONS OF WAR. The vessels seen in the centre are small coasting steamers: to the left is a naval motor-launch acting as convoy escort, whilst away to the right is a destroyer of the Eclipse class (of 1,375 tons). The sun is just rising and catching the balloons flown from the freighters' decks in its rays—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The assembling, manning and despatch of the Merchant Fleet transporting the bulk of the men, equipment and supplies for the invasion of France is a task which began two years ago. It was realised then that, however great the building programme for special landing ships and craft, in an operation of this magnitude the ships of the Merchant Navy would have a share. Accordingly, in 1942, some of the small passenger ships (well known on the cross-Channel service or in the Irish Sea) were fitted as Infantry Landing Ships, and many coasters had their masts strengthened and were fitted with heavier derricks to enable them to carry vehicles. During 1943 several cargo vessels under construction in the United States were completed as large Infantry Landing Ships: other merchant vessels were converted for special naval purposes and commissioned into the Royal Navy. Many of the coasters had to be fitted for the transport of packed petrol, others for the carriage of ammunition, some of which was of a highly dangerous type. Cargo-ships had to be fitted to carry personnel to enable the drivers to travel with their vehicles, and also to carry the military personnel who would discharge the cargoes when the ships arrived off the beaches. The coasters were selected from the coaster fleet under British control. Merchant vessels were among the landing ships which took part in the actual assault. They were quickly followed by the first flight of stores, coasters, and then by troopships, British and American ocean-going cargo-ships carrying vehicles, coasters carrying vehicles, and more stores coasters. The Merchant Navy was also represented in the early stages by hospital carriers, tugs (including a large number of American tugs), tankers carrying water to supply the large numbers of landing craft, and other vessels working off the beaches, and vessels allocated for service with the Royal Navy, including ships for the supply of ammunition to the naval ships which paved the way by the bombardment of the beaches



ONE OF THE SPECIALISED VESSELS DESIGNED FOR THE INVASION—a "Rhino Ferry" taking a heavy load of vehicles to the beach—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The Rhino is, in effect, a self-propelled raft. The hull is composed of many buoyant units bolted together and decked; it is propelled by two engines, situated one at each corner of the stern and operating propellers in the manner of the familiar outboard motor. The units comprising the hull are readily replaceable in the case of damage by shellfire or by pounding on the beaches. The ferry can carry a great number of heavy vehicles on its broad deck, as well as their crews and working parties. By running right up to the beach (a proceeding which is made quite simple owing to the extremely shallow draft of the vessel), the vehicles, lorries, tanks and guns on board can be driven straight off and away

REINFORCING the BEACHES—The Scene in Mid-Channel as the Merchantmen Cross and Re-cross; and How Men and Material are Landed on the Norman Coast

A SCENE IN "INVASION BAY," when the Royal Navy rescued American soldiers. This dramatic rescue picture was taken in the early hours of Friday, June 9, after an Allied landing craft had been sunk. The British destroyer *Beagle* was one of the warships charged with the task of keeping the Invasion army protected and supplied, and the picture was taken from her deck. The men in the Carley float are Americans whose own craft had been wrecked: they are here being hauled up on to another landing vessel

Below—**THE BIG LANDING CRAFT CARRY THE SMALLER ASSAULT CRAFT ON SPECIAL DAVITS. Dropping the latter into the sea on nearing the beaches is not always a pleasant proceeding for the infantry, as the rise and fall of the parent vessel on the waves often causes a very long drop**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Many of the Invasion ships are equipped to carry assault craft, which are lowered at the appropriate moment from specially constructed davits. To lower these with a big sea running requires great judgment and seamanship to ensure that the small craft and its human load touches the sea at exactly the right moment. In the drawing, one craft has been released and is bouncing its way to the beach in a sea which rose and fell 10 ft. A second one is on the point of being released, and a third awaits its turn for launching

WHEN BAYEUX FELL TO THE ALLIES, TWO DAYS AFTER THE FIRST LANDINGS. The liberated townsfolk flock out of their ancient houses to welcome the Allied troops as they drive through the streets in their tanks and vehicles—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

SCENES FROM THE BATTLE ZONES

Drawings by "Sphere" Artists Depicting Phases of the Struggle in Normandy

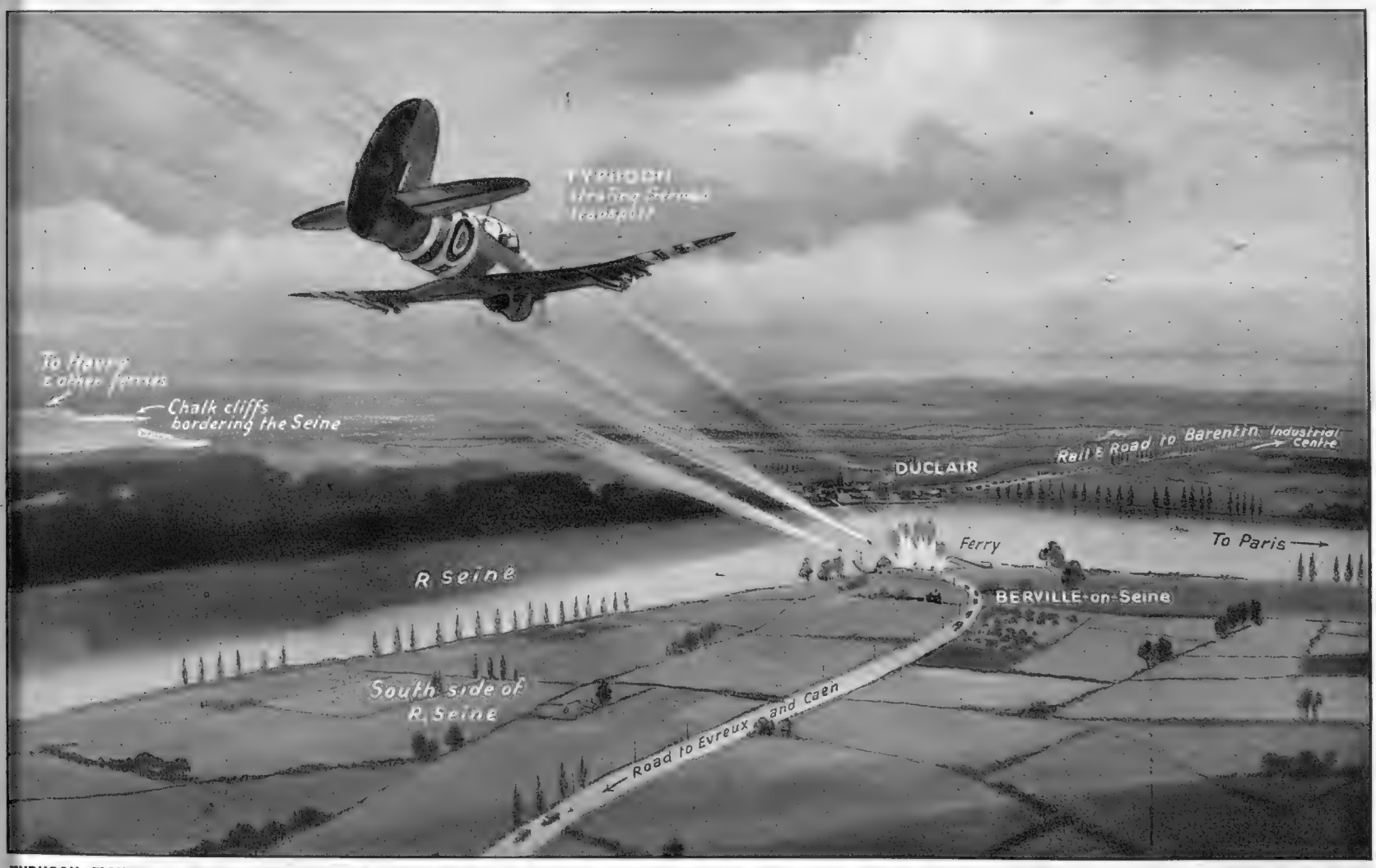
The capture of Bayeux, on June 8, two days after the first fierce rush into Normandy, has provided the Allied civil and military authorities with a most interesting insight into conditions existing throughout the whole of the Province. The town is absolutely unharmed by the war: its beautiful Cathedral church is unscarred. The troops who were among the first to enter its ancient streets, famous for their old gabled buildings with overhanging storeys like medieval London, were the recipients of excited greetings from the inhabitants. Flowers and bottles of cider were thrust upon the first comers. The citizens did not ask for food from the incoming troops—they were, rather, inclined to offer it, for there was evidently no shortage within the town, although certain items were high-priced. In fact, life was astonishingly normal in Bayeux and its surrounding villages. War reporters stated that there is nothing approaching starvation in the rich and fertile countryside and the stocks in the various shops made the eyes of our men goggle!

THE PRICE OF VICTORY! Allied troops advancing through the scorched villages and small towns of Normandy, whilst the liberated townsfolk watch the scene from behind their battered houses—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (see notes at right)

On left—In the still smoking village, a British tank is blocking the roadway against any enemy attempt to rush the village from its southward end. The village is almost entirely stone-built, like so many of these Normandy "inhabited places" through which the Allies have to force their way. During the first stages of a penetration such as this, the place will still hold many of its inhabitants. They have returned to their cellars when things have become very hot, but at other times have shown considerable *sangfroid* and curiosity as to the progress of the fighting. Others have been moved to do something for the Allied troops, bringing out coffee in the early morning and so forth. One woman is reported to have wished to reach a certain house close to where fighting was going on. She was warned that it was not possible at the moment. She replied that she had six refugee children in her house and they were hungry. "How long will you be?" was her next question. Soon she set off down the road and actually reached the house.

On right—The Tactical Air Force in France have recently been engaged on what has been described as "an interesting operation" against the Germans on the Seine. Since the bridges have been destroyed by our bombing aircraft, the Germans have been attempting to make use of the ferries across the river. Air attacks were consequently launched at Berville-sur-Seine by Typhoons with their rockets. They set two ships and the pier on fire in one attack at this point, following up other attacks during which ferry terminals at the mouth of the Seine came under fire

THE NORMAN COUNTRYSIDE UNDER WAR CONDITIONS. Over the once-peaceful landscape war planes now sweep across the sky in support of the land forces, bombing the enemy when they make a stand and machine-gunning supply columns. Tanks and columns of infantry roam the roads and lanes of the rural districts; and artillerymen set up their guns in orchards and open fields. Nevertheless, the life of the countryside still continues: the farmers, amongst the most industrious in Europe, continue with their daily tasks of tending the herds and ploughing the fields. On every hand, our troops have been witnessing scenes such as the above—War and Peace mixed up in a strange jumble, as the battle sways towards the Cherbourg Peninsula on the one flank and towards Caen on the other. The Allied planes seen in the above view are Marauders, with their new distinctive markings—*Drawing by Roland Davies*



TYPHOON FIGHTERS ATTACKING THE GERMAN FERRIES OVER THE SEINE WITH ROCKET BOMBS: Owing to the breaching of the bridges from Paris to the coast, the enemy have been attempting to bring up troops and supplies from east of the river by means of ferry boats. These have been subjected to continuous bombardment by Allied aircraft—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (see notes at left)

THE SHOP-FRONTS OF BAYEUX

Scenes in "A Land of Plenty," where it was thought that there would be Famine and Desolation!

A DISPLAY OF GOODS FOR MEN AND WOMEN: Jackets, shirts, scarves and ties in the window of a clothing shop in Bayeux, where such commodities appear to abound

CORSETS ARE SHOWN along with some beautiful silk scarves in a small store. They cost about 740 francs each. In Britain corsets are definitely scarce and of "utility" make

A DIFFERENT KIND OF SCENE. The never-ending line of British Army vehicles as they pass through the town of Bayeux on their way up to the fighting line. The narrow streets are crowded by day as by night with vehicles of all types

AFTER NEARLY FIVE YEARS OF WAR, the jewellers' shops in the town are still well stocked. The quality of these goods is stated to compare favourably with those on sale in Britain to-day, where such articles of luxury are regarded as being in "short supply"

AN ASSORTMENT OF LADIES' HATS OPENLY DISPLAYED IN BAYEUX. In addition to these articles, others, such as cosmetics, baby clothes, shoes, etc., seem to be present in good quantities, and they are said to be about as good as in corresponding towns in this country

AT A COUNTER INSIDE ONE OF THE BAYEUX SHOPS: A fine selection of knives and penknives and manicure sets is displayed in considerable profusion

One of the lesser mysteries of this war has been the plentiful supply of good things found by our troops throughout the whole of that part of Normandy now in our possession. Not only have the peasant folk and citizens alike been found to be well fed and well clothed, but in Bayeux itself—chief town of the district—the shops were all stocked with an almost bewildering profusion of goods which, in Great Britain, are often described as being in "short supply." The pictures given here were taken shortly after our occupation. Clothing, hats, articles de luxe, all are to be found—and (at first) at not too high prices. The number of man-hours which must have gone to the production of all these articles is considerable. It now remains to be seen whether other parts of France will display a similar profusion!

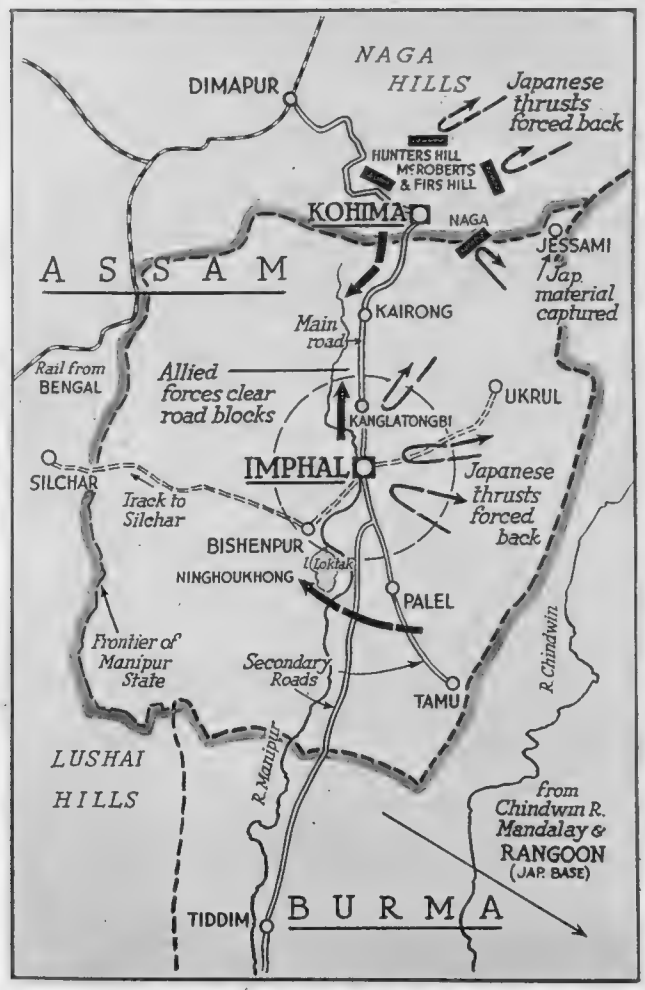
TWO PICTURES FROM THE FRONT LINE SHOWING HOW MEN OF THE WEST YORKS REGIMENT DROVE THE JAPS FROM THEIR POSITIONS ON THE IMPHAL-KOHIMA ROAD: *On left*—Tanks and troops advance cautiously; a moment later the enemy opened on them with all he had. *On right*—A small party of infantry hurriedly dismantle a Jap road block within rifle-shot of the enemy

MULES TOIL UP A STEEP HILLSIDE with supplies for forward Punjabi positions. Entrenched on hilltops, men of the 2nd Punjabi Regiment have been giving a good account of themselves against the Japs

DEAD JAPS ARE CREMATED ON THE SLOPES OF NIPPON PEAK. This is a hill of strategic importance overlooking the Tamu Road from which the enemy were driven by men of a West Country Regiment

The FIGHTING in BURMA

The Tables Turned on the Japs Around the Key Points of Imphal and Kohima



THE DESPERATE ATTEMPTS OF THE JAPS TO SEIZE IMPHAL AND KOHIMA, two main Allied bases on the Burma frontier. The Jap onslaughts were repulsed in both cases, and Allied forces have been working from the north and from the south to clear the Kohima-Imphal Road. How the Jap thrusts have been forced back is indicated above

The stubborn holding of Kohima, on the road between Imphal and Dimapur, by its small garrison, has been the keystone of the Allied position in Assam. If Kohima had fallen, the Japanese would have had an unobstructed road and central position from which to strike either north-west to Dimapur, or due south to Imphal. As it was, the garrison, though surprised by the sudden appearance of the enemy, put up a stout resistance till reinforcements could arrive.

The siege began on April 5, and for two weeks the garrison, not all of them real fighting troops, struggled to hold the little town perched high on the mountain road. Relief came at last, when reinforcements cut their way through the Japanese road blocks, reaching Kohima on April 19.

Stiff fighting continued, the garrison having a hard struggle, confined on their rocky plateau. It was often hand-to-hand fighting, and for some time the position was precarious. The British were not clear of the enemy till May 16. By this time the tide had definitely turned in favour of the British, the Kohima Ridge was captured and a big attack launched pushing the Japanese from their strong positions, where they were well dug in. The Indian Division from Arakan was brought by air to Dimapur, arriving with all their guns, mules, jeeps and general supplies. This greatly strengthened the Allies, and the troops in Kohima went forward vigorously, though their task involved climbing heights of 5,000 ft. or dropping 2,000 ft., and having fierce combats on mountain peaks or in dense jungle.

By the beginning of June the rains had begun heavily, and it was more than ever necessary to regain control of the essential highway communications with Imphal. The Japanese forces began to retreat.

Meanwhile, the Allied forces in Imphal had also been pushing the enemy from the south, driving them back towards Kohima and Ukhrul. The Japanese strongest position was on the Palel-Tamu road, where they could obtain full supplies up the Chindwin River. They attacked in force, but the British were well dug in, holding heights, and could not be dislodged.

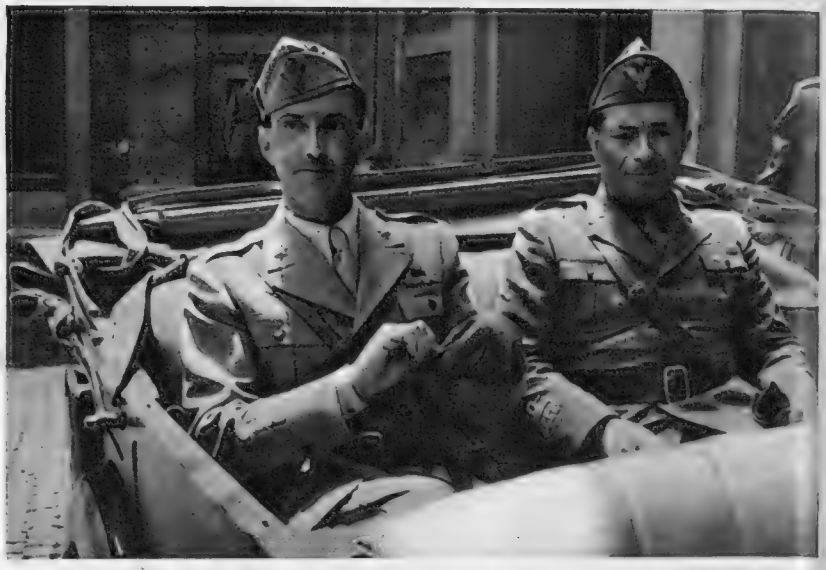
A gap of about 50 miles separates the British troops pressing south from Kohima and north from Imphal. Some of the best County Regiments are engaged—the Worcestershire Regiment, Royal Berkshires, Royal Norfolk, Lancashire Fusiliers, together with Cameron Highlanders and Royal Scots.

THE MONSOON IS NOW ROARING OVER MANIPUR: This is an impression of the town of Kohima under the present weather conditions—*Drawing by Percy Home*

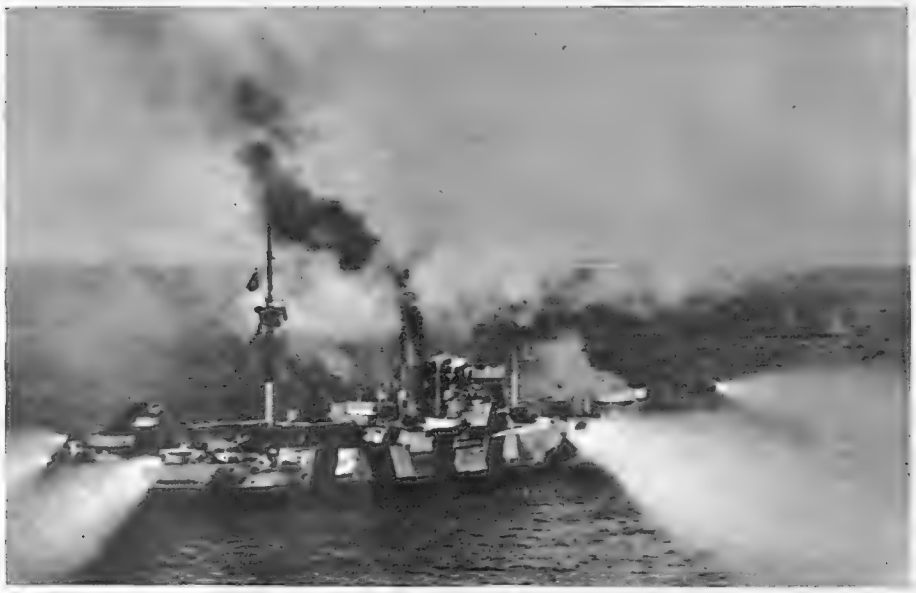
During the month of June, the monsoon rains in the Burmese frontier area gathered force. This intense outpouring affects all the fighting areas from Arakan northwards. Roads have been converted into streams and slushy mud frequently a couple of feet deep. It was almost impossible to conduct any operations in the Arakan peninsula. Around Myitkyina trenches became flooded and airfields unusable except for certain special craft. The roaring south-west monsoon now has the whole of the Burma hill frontier in its grip

NEW PICTURES from ITALY—and from Other Battlefronts Throughout the World

ALLIED LEADERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN PLAN AN ATTACK: General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Allied C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean, looks on while Major-General Nathan W. Twining, Commanding the Fifteenth U.S. Air Force in that theatre of war, points to a map of Italy to outline a plan of attack



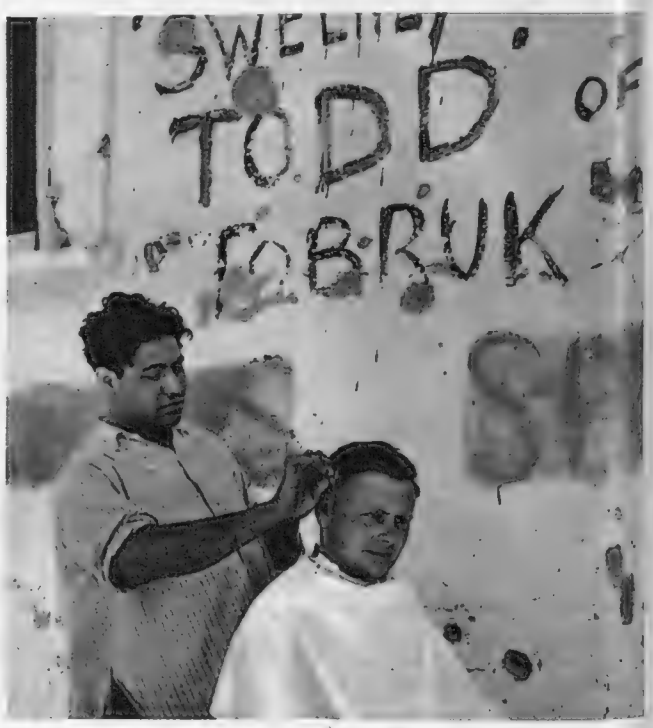
"LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THE REALM"—Prince Umberto leaves the Royal Palace in Rome. Since the refusal of the Italians to accept the discredited King Victor Emmanuel after the freeing of Rome, Prince Umberto has become the Head of the State. According to the information accompanying this official War Office photograph, he has just "paid a two-day visit to Rome, during the course of which he met 'loyal Italians' at the Royal Palace, Quirinale"



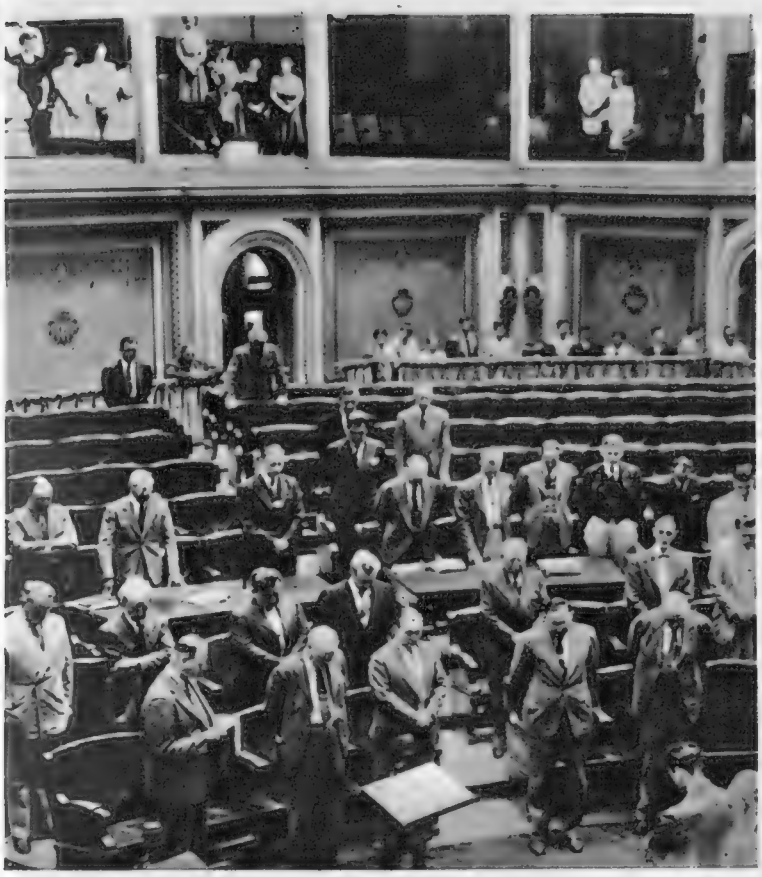
ROCKET-FIRING BEAUFIGHTERS ATTACK ENEMY MERCHANTMEN IN THE AEGEAN: The camouflaged vessel seen here was one of a large German convoy attacked by this newest weapon of the R.A.F. Rockets have been used with great success against enemy shipping in more than one theatre of war. The armed merchantman above is in flames from bow to stern

THE ROYAL NAVY TAKES OVER IN ROME: A few hours after Allied troops had broken through the German defences on June 5, the Royal Navy had moved into Rome and taken over the Italian Admiralty on the banks of the Tiber. Although they were dive-bombed and machine-gunned as they approached the city, the Royal Navy party received a great welcome as they drove to their new Headquarters. Lt.-Comdr. R. L. String, R.C.N.V.R., in charge of the party, is seen on the left; with Lt. C. N. G. Orton, of Burnham-on-Crouch, on right

IN TOBRUK TO-DAY: An Ensa party arrives and gives a pre-view show on the steps of a heavily damaged villa. Though the battle has passed, many hundreds of miles from Tobruk, soldiers, sailors and airmen are still roughing it in the town, as they did two and three years ago. No one lives in Tobruk itself, except small isolated military units, a native barber, a dhobie and a tailor, who all carry on their trades in shell-torn buildings. The only British women in the locality are at the General Hospital outside the old perimeter; but they seldom come to town. The Ensa artists seen in the picture above are: (left to right) Pat Gaunt, George Neil, J. Porter and Susie Odelle



THE BARBER IS ONE OF THE VERY FEW CIVILIANS LEFT IN TOBRUK. He is here pursuing his trade, with a soldier customer, under his trade sign of "Sweeney Todd of Tobruk"



HOW THE NEWS OF THE INVASION CAME to the House of Representatives in Washington. With heads bowed, the Members listen to the President's prayer for the success of the landings. The House kept silence for a minute following the reading, before beginning the business of the day

THE FIRST RADIO BROADCAST FROM THE NORMANDY BEACHHEAD : The first "live" broadcast took place on Sunday, June 18, when Frank Gillard, of the B.B.C., and William Downs, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, operating from a Royal Signals truck just off the beaches, transmitted messages for their respective radio systems. Gillard's message, which was heard in the Nine O'clock News, is claimed to be the first direct B.B.C. transmission of any campaign. Above he is seen during the broadcast (on the left), assisted by Lieut. H. G. Robson

THE RUSSIANS MOVE FORWARD AGAINST THE FINNS. A picture from Moscow by radio showing heavy Soviet artillery advancing in the Karelian Isthmus. The inscription on the gun reads : "Forward to Viborg." That important city was captured by the Russians on June 20

AMERICAN AIRCRAFT USE A CAPTURED JAPANESE AERODROME. The transport plane is landing behind another similar aircraft on the former Japanese-held Cyclops Aerodrome in Northern New Guinea, where wrecked enemy planes still litter the field. A destroyed Jap Zero is in the foreground. The Cyclops Aerodrome is one of three strategic air bases near Hollandia captured by American troops who pushed ashore on April 22. The simultaneous seizure by the Americans of a fourth important aerodrome, the Tadji airfield (located more than 100 miles to the east, on the northern coast of New Guinea) gave the Allies virtual air control over the entire South-West Pacific island

AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE RESCUES 22 AIRMEN brought down during an attack on Truk : The naval reconnaissance plane seen in this picture was taxying towards the U.S. submarine *Tang*, which rescued 22 men from carrier-based planes brought down by the Japs during a raid on the naval base at Truk. The 22 officers and men thus rescued constituted the entire personnel of the planes brought down by the enemy in a two-day Task Force attack, during which hundreds of American aircraft swarmed over the island in one of the heaviest attacks in the South Pacific theatre of war. The other survivors rescued by the *Tang* were picked up in rubber boats or found floating in their life-jackets

THE RED ARMY CLOSES IN ON VIBORG, and completes the first part of the renewed offensive against Finland. These Finnish officers and men were captured by the Red Army in the Karelian Isthmus as the Soviet forces swept forward at a record pace towards the Mannerheim Line

HOW THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL WORKS

It is this Branch of the War Office Which Takes Care of all the Army's Officers—Thousands of Them all Over the World

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is impossible to imagine any business saddling itself with the responsibility of knowing all about several million employees from their birth-marks and married status to their latest staff job—scattered all over the globe. And yet that, of course, is exactly what the Army has to do through its Adjutant-General's Branch. No wonder the postings are occasionally delayed or go astray.

Look at the battle areas in Normandy, Italy, and South-East Asia, including Burma and Ceylon. Count the non-operative theatres of war—Persia and Iraq, India, West Africa, East Africa, the Caribbean, Iceland, Gibraltar, the Azores, the Faroes, and all the little islands in the Indian Ocean, each with its own garrison.

Think what has to be tabulated merely about the officers—place of birth, religious denomination, education, Army schools and courses, examinations for promotion, business qualifications, wounds, decorations, and campaigns, professional, and even artistic, qualifications, and so on and so on, including the Army number of all who have gone through the ranks, and their ability, if any, to speak, read or write foreign languages and dialects.

What a filing system is necessary! The Adjutant-General's Branch has to have twenty-two different Personnel Branches, the largest being A.G. 2, which deals with Infantry Commandos and Army Air Corps. The numbers go by way of A.G. 6 and 7 (Gunners and Sappers) down to A.G. 23, which deals with the Intelligence Corps, A.G. 1 being the focal point for policy. These Personnel Branches are, in effect, the Record Office for all officers except the Brigade of Guards, who have their own Record Office for officers as well as other ranks.

In the last war the Personnel Branch came under the Military Secretary, and when action had been taken on one particular phase relating to an officer's career his Personal Papers file was closed and a new one started when necessary. In this war his file is kept going continuously, although it may be weeded in the course of years. A.G. 2 alone handles the Personal Papers of a thousand officers a week. In 25 per cent. of cases this involves medical reports. The other reasons for the files coming to A.G. 2 will include promotions, pay, requests for transfer or overseas service, personal affairs, among others.

Since the invasion of Normandy began the work has been increased considerably. The campaigns overseas saved much Records work for officers because the medical boards and rehabilitation were carried out in the Middle East itself, but A.G. is the base of the French front and feels the immediate effect of casualties. As regards reinforcements, there is not much difference between the French campaign and that of the Mediterranean theatre of war, except that distant reinforcements go in definite cycles, whereas reinforcements for Normandy have to be sent almost daily as required.

What happens is that when a Battalion Commander in Normandy finds that his war establishment has been reduced by casualties, he asks for the first reinforcements of officers and other ranks which are immediately available and considered enough for a certain period. Behind the first reinforcements comes the Second Echelon. This is an adjunct of A.G. and forms a general pool of officers and other ranks, and is being reinforced continuously.

But posting is by no means the only job that A.G. has to undertake. There is the question of the survey of the future, to see whether officer production from O.C.T.U.s will compensate for casualties. Two kinds of wastage are normal. One includes death by natural causes, retirement, dismissal or discharged because medically unfit. The second includes death in action, wounds and prisoners of war.

The Statistical Branch, with its mechanical counting organisation, has been able to show the almost exact balance sheet to be expected per arm of the Service and per theatre of war of the normal wastage. The percentage is always present in the case of the infantry. When it comes to battle casualties, however, the A.G. Branch has more or less to look into the crystal (aided, of course, by advance information from Supreme Headquarters as to future campaigns and theatres of war) and make up its mind what officers, and what numbers, and in what arms of the Service, will be most likely to be required in the future. It studies the intakes from O.C.T.U., and in rare cases straight from civilian life. It studies non-battle wastage, which has eleven categories, ranging from dismissal to appointment as full Colonel. It then has to plan ahead very carefully. As things are, it is necessary in the case of infantry regiments to see which are actually in the front line, and which have most of their battalions doing guard duties and therefore not likely to require so many replacements.

Another point arises, particularly with regard to infantry officers. There is a continuous flow of young officers from the routine Infantry Octus. As far as is possible, they are sent to the regiment of their choice in order to maintain the vital regimental tradition, which is the mainspring of military morale. But circumstances occur sometimes necessitating a departure from this custom. A man called up into the Army, though invited to state a preference, not only for a particular Corps, but also, in the case of infantry, a particular regiment, cannot always be accommodated. Equally, when a man has gone through his O.C.T.U. and asked to be sent to a certain regiment, he cannot always have his request granted.

By and large, the A.G. Branch does its best in this way, and where it is not possible to send them to the regiment of their choice it sends them to one that is affiliated to it. The Queen's and the Royal West Kent Regiment, for example, share the same training centre, and, therefore, have much in common. This applies equally to the Black Watch and the Argylls; the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and the Durham Light Infantry; the King's, the East Lancs., and the South Lancs. Every regiment, in fact, is affiliated to another one. Over and above this, however, the Adjutant-General's Branch has to be careful in seeing that there is not only an even spread of young officers, but also an even spread of officers of the same quality. Each one commissioned from the ranks is graded either A, B, C, D or DD. It would not be fair to one regiment to send it nothing but DDs, and so the posting of these young officers is a matter of considerable delicacy and percentage keeping. In the case of a young officer who had a father in a certain regiment, it is nearly always possible to arrange for him to go to it. Territorial claims are also watched carefully. It is obviously desirable that the Durham Light Infantry should be officered by men who understand the Geordie.

But even this is not the end of the story. When the young officer has spent his term in the reserve Battalion of the Regiment to which he has been posted, doing post-O.C.T.U. training, and is ready to go out as part of the reinforcements to any fighting unit, he duly leaves this country; but even then he may not find himself in the Regiment he expected. The Deputy Adjutant-General of the Second Echelon on the spot may post him to another Battalion which has had severe casualties and needs officers more than the one to which he had expected to go.

The South-East Asia Command is a typical example of the problems which have to be solved by A.G. in London. It includes Armoured Regiments, Reconnaissance Regiments, all kinds of Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineers, Royal Signals, Infantry, and many other Corps, all of which need reinforcements both of officers and men from time to time.

On top of all this, A.G. has been busy for six months on working out demobilisation priorities, which demand an enormous amount of paper work. Form X.3 has twenty-one different subheadings, of which only two need mentioning—"10. Industry Group (Ministry of Labour E.D. 526A Classification)," and "11. Occupational Classification (Ministry of Labour E.D. 526 Classification)."

Considering all this, considering the continual changes of terrain demanding different arms of the Service, and the consequent possibility of increased casualties in some particular arm of the Service, there is no doubt that A.G. is doing wonderfully well. Every week seven hundred files of other ranks in the Royal Artillery alone are handled; and the further complications of letters from parents and other relatives all add to the immense task of sorting out to the best advantage the whole military man-power of the country which is A.G.s monumental job.

Above—**MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES SYME DREW, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., who has been appointed Director-General of the Home Guard and Territorial Army, in succession to MAJOR-GENERAL LORD BRIDGEMAN, C.B., D.S.O., M.C. (*on right*), who now becomes Deputy Adjutant-General at the War Office.** Since 1941 Lord Bridgeman has been associated with the Home Guard, after services with the Army in this war which earned him the D.S.O. He joined the Rifle Brigade as a 2nd Lieutenant in 1914, going straight from Eton at the age of eighteen. His successor, General Drew, is sixty. He joined the Cameron Highlanders in 1902 and served throughout the last war. He was A.D.C. to the King from 1936 to 1938, and was knighted in January last

CHANGES IN THE HOME GUARD

THE NEW DEPUTY ADJUTANT-GENERAL: A picture of Lord Bridgeman as Director-General of the Home Guard—a post he now relinquishes to Major-General Drew

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

News of old Fortescue House boys is constantly being received. One is now a Corporal in an Airborne Unit; another was one of the first dozen men to land in Sicily; another is a prisoner of war. All are taking their part in the great struggle. Funds urgently needed. Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

MAKING an AIRSTRIP in FRANCE

How the Operation is Carried Out at Top Speed by an American Engineering Battalion

THE SPECIALISED MACHINERY BROUGHT INTO USE for the purpose by American engineers. This machine is treading in the soil into a ditch which ran across the landing-strip. The ditch was soon filled in and the metal runway then laid down

GRADERS AT WORK OVER THE UNEVEN GROUND. This levelling work was carried out with a rifleman riding alongside the driver as protection against snipers

LAYING THE SQUARE-MESH MATS ON THE MARSHALLING AREA of the front-line air-strip. These mats support the weight of the aircraft on soft soil. Seated on one of the metal rolls is a rifleman protecting the engineers from the constant sniper threat

CARRY-ALL SCRAPERS AND GRADERS, which worked day and night. The motors of these machines were never shut off—not even during refuelling—whilst the air-strip was being prepared

THE FIRST PLANE TO LAND ON A PERMANENT AIRFIELD IN FRANCE. It was a C-47 Cargo plane which was bringing in supplies for the airborne troops. The landing was made on a freshly-laid metal runway

Following in the wake of the first wave of assault troops, an engineering battalion of the Ninth Air Force began the hazardous—but extremely important—task of building an emergency landing-strip in France itself, almost within hours of the first landings on the Normandy coast. Working at a hot pace, the engineers were harassed at first by machine-gun fire and shelling from 88-mm. guns: they were often obliged to take cover from the German bombardments. But on D-Day plus 6, they had completed their task, with an air-strip laid in readiness for any type of aircraft, and with refuelling and armament sections, so that planes could be serviced as soon as they landed. The men who carried out this high-speed feat were under the command of an American colonel from Missouri

THE R.A.F. OPERATING FROM AIRFIELDS IN FRANCE: *At left*—Flying Control at work. *On right*—Back from a sortie: R.A.F. and Dominion pilots being interrogated at an open-air headquarters in a Normandy orchard adjoining the airfield. Following the Allied advance inland (which at some points had reached a depth of 20 miles a week after the initial landings on June 6), the R.A.F. has now been able to establish airfields in France and operate over the battlefield from there, thus saving the flight out over the Channel and conserving petrol for a longer flying time over the enemy's lines

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

WHAT'S TO COME ?—It must have happened to many nations in Europe in the past five centuries or more to find themselves in thick fog as regards what might lie round the next bend.

Wars, revolutions and such convulsions must often have left the peoples totally ignorant of *what sort of world* awaited them when the trouble subsided. It was so with Germany in 1918; probably with France towards the end of the Revolution; perhaps in Holland; certainly in the Balkans. We in Britain are in that condition to-day, and with us I think it is in a very rarely acute form. Perhaps our Saxon ancestors experienced it after 1066, or earlier still when the last legion left our shores. There may have been a milder bewilderment after the Wars of the Roses or in Commonwealth times. But nothing to the fog of to-day.

Put it in a nutshell. We are solemnly and carefully planning a better world for to-morrow—maybe for next year. We have fought this war on the slogan that we are to achieve a "true democracy." But while we talk and while we fight and while we plan for it, no single voice dares to announce a definition of *Democracy* as it is to be.

All day long you find evidence that the Crown, the Government, the political parties and the man in the street are really sitting on the fence. We toy with the ideal of Democracy, not daring to define its meaning, and we, none of us, dare to lay violent hands, even theoretical, on tradition and institutions of the past.

Come, come (says you); draw it mild; don't exaggerate. We have a grand new Education Act; we have officially embraced in principle the whole range of Beveridgism; we have a root-and-branch health plan for all; we are in a position to nationalise, as required, land and mineral rights and transport; we have taken powers to convert ourselves into a true democracy, if not a Communist State.

Well, then, let us pick this to pieces from the viewpoint, say, of the upper class or upper middle-class parent of young children—a very unimportant minority, no doubt. There is a new Education Charter. It has been much admired. Yet I am not sure that its silences are not more portentous than its decisions. Does it help our parent to make his great decision about his children's education ? For what sort of world is he to educate his children ? His boy is down for Eton. It will cost him £300 a year. The school is fuller than ever. The waiting list is immensely long. His girl has just got her school certificate. She is ripe to be "finished." There are hundreds of these finishing schools in full blast (£250 a year and extras). The waiting lists are enormous. What is she to be finished *for* ? To go out as a typist, to work in industry ? Or to learn to paint her toenails and play her part in the dancing marriage mart of London "Seasons" ? And if she fail in Vanity Fair, is she to return to "do the flowers" with mother at home, and is mother to have a cook and housemaid and parlourmaid (at £3 a week a head) to keep her free to "do the flowers" ? What is the answer ? None. The fog is complete. All concerned are temporising, toying with tradition and toying with an undefined ideal of a new and true ideal of democracy.

Eton is marking time (top-hats and Lord's and fancy waistcoats and the return of the Reign of Saturn or a businesslike, technical education with the frills cut out of the bill ?); the finishing schools are marking time (pink toenails or workaday overalls ?). The parents are temporising in dense fog. Tradition or revolution ? True Democracy or Tatlerism again. *Quién sabe ?*

A Chance Missed.—Inevitably, we are temporising in every department and institution, in our constitutional procedure and practice. For all are in the melting-pot. Does "true democracy" swallow hereditary titles, so foreign to the ideals and practices of the Empire and of America ? Can anything in our present-day *theorising* justify the creation of baronets ? Can anything (but tradition) justify the raising of peers to higher grades ? Could anything but the unsettled compromise concerning the Second Chamber to-day justify the creation of hereditary peerages at all ? Yet this business goes on, perhaps on a reduced scale.

The war produced a fine opportunity to call convincingly the official bluff concerning our democratic ideal. The dangers of 1940 called into being a home-defence force which was universally declared (and at first widely believed) to be an *ideally democratic institution*. The L.D.V. *was* so. The Home Guard . . . no. It is a military institution on the old pattern. In one small (trifling but tremendous) particular, you will see how the democratic ideal has worked in the H.G. in practice. The L.D.V. charter laid down that every volunteer from private to Colonel was equal. We were all *brothers* in patriotism; nothing to gain but the sense of duty done.

To-day after four years you would, I think, discover (if you asked the question in Parliament and got an honest answer) that more Colonels, Majors and Captains of the H.G. had received the complimentary honour of the C.B.E., O.B.E. and M.B.E. (the same honour awarded to the Merchant Navy for heroism of a V.C. kind) than have H.G.s of lower or "other" ranks received B.E.M.s. Yet there must be twenty "other ranks," or more, for every senior officer; *moreover*, these Colonels and Majors were chosen not on merit only but on the accident of freedom from civilian business which enabled them to give extra time to H.G. office work. The H.G. has been carried on the shoulders of the *privates*. And no one who knows the H.G. doubts it. A trifle, I agree, but a tremendous proof that Privilege is still round the next bend and true democracy still a mockery and will o' the wisp. If the H.G. could not do without complimentary honours, the sheer logic of true democracy required that Colonel and private should be treated alike. I don't say that the nation wants "true democracy"; I don't assert that a majority wants a break with the traditions of old days, or even and end of the days of Privilege. I am myself a defender of all our fine traditions that have not proved themselves outworn or totally partial to a minority. I do say that official blurb about democratic ideals is still at the moment largely hypocrisy, very bewildering and misleading, and contradicted in practice.

Official Smoke-screen.—I frankly admit I have dealt in trifles and with minorities. You may say that the bulk of the nation is by no means in this fog—that the mass, the majority, that matters knows what it is about and knows what lies round the corner.

No doubt, it is a blessing of our national character that our revolutions are never, or seldom, fierce or bloody. They come by peaceful evolution, borne on the wings of economic stresses or other conditions. Our *social* changes are shaped by the logic of £ s. d. If that is so, I take leave to doubt whether the mass of the people *are* clear of the fog. So loud and continuous are the voices of the pundits, including Ministerial pundits, who assure us that after this war we may with resolution be a *richer* nation than before. This is a damnable distortion of economic elementary facts. If for five years you chuck your money into the sea, borrow recklessly from all who will lend you money, and let your house and garden run to tatters and seed, you cannot conceivably be richer than before; and what is true of an individual is true of a nation, now as always.

I think the majority is being led blindfold into the same fog. Our upper- or middle-class parent, whom I took for an example, is no doubt deeper in the fog than he need be. In his educational plans, he should at least realise that for years to come he will continue to pay at least one-third of his income, or what is left of it, to the State and that his residue could not possibly pay the "New Charter" wages of a gardener or a cook, even if he could find a volunteer for domestic service. To that extent he ought to be convinced that Eton and Finishing Schools, Vanity Fair and Tatlerism, are not for his children and that they must learn to earn, and quickly, too.

Moreover, if he consults his daughter already in uniform, she will tell him that Service girls appreciate their independence and don't intend to return to "do the flowers" at home. But, if he be wise enough to see this truth through the fog, he deserves to receive a little more guidance from above. He should even now be given an official definition of the new Democracy and have some hint that this sorry compromise with the democratic ideal will now be ended—it has lasted with every evidence of hypocrisy for 100 years—and that the manner of life of that small minority called "Society" will henceforth be decided not only by economic necessity but by national opinion and Government policy. I was born in the Age of Privilege and on the fringe of Privilege. I saw, and see, its faults and retain a sneaking affection and a sincere respect for some of its charms and virtues. But I detest compromise and muddled thinking and official hypocrisy, and at the end of my life I should prefer to breathe clearer air. Anyway, I have had my day. My children have not.

A RUSTIC SCENE IN THE CENTRE OF A GREAT CITY. Two hundred and forty milking cows, which give 1,200 gallons of milk each day, are attended to and milked electrically by two young women on a dairy farm at Denton Bank, 1¾ miles from the centre of Newcastle. Twice a day they are taken to small fields in the outskirts of the city by these girls, who, with the aid of two dogs drive them through the suburban areas and then drive them back to the dairy farm. They take up the whole street when they are being driven along and cause much amusement to the citizens

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

LAST OF SUMMER (Phœnix).—Some of the most successful plays have been based on successful novels, but I doubt whether this will be one of them. It has its charm, as well as a fairly interesting story about a family in Eire dominated by a terrifying mother and disturbed by the arrival of a pretty young French cousin, who falls in love with one of the sons and he with her. But that story is never quite convincing, and that young couple would never have allowed mamma to wreck their happiness had they really been in love. So what ? And why ? Miss Fay Compton had to sacrifice nearly all her natural charm in order to be just loathsome—a clever bit of work. Miss Ada Reeve conjured up old musical-comedy memories (though not in her performance) and contributed what little humour there was. And I hail with joy a brilliant young new-comer in Miss Margaret Johnstone, who played the French girl.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (Savoy).—And now for a couple more revivals. I vastly prefer *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* to *Last of Summer*. Mr. Firth Shephard has shown his usual acumen and artistic conscientiousness in both the production and the casting, and the Lonsdale wit is as fine as it was when I first saw the play in 1925. The plot is quite incredible, but that does not matter. It has been pretty widely announced that this is Mr. Jack Buchanan's first appearance in a "straight" show. That is not the case. But he has been exclusively concerned with light, musical stuff for so long that his desire to display no signs of it was possibly the cause of his under-toning his performance a bit. None the less, it was a very clever one, and his natural charm has never been more in evidence. The other "star" of the cast, Miss Coral Browne, has been building up a reputation in comedy for some little time, and has now arrived at the peak. She is a delightful actress.

The Gipsy Princess (Saville).—I am growing rather tired of all these light operas about minor royal families in Mittel Europa, which are now coming back to the London stage after a longish interval. But this is one of the best of the batch—prettily and lavishly mounted, efficiently played and sung, with good work by Miss Jessa Deane and Mr. Jimmie Godden, who provided most of the fun as a comic king. My first prize, however, is awarded to Mr. Charles Quartermaine, as a prince who almost convinced me that he really is one.

INVASION TASKS—IN BRITAIN

INVASION GIRLS KEEP SUPPLIES ON THE MOVE: *On left*—An Army Recovery Depot where A.T.S. girls repair trucks for transportation overseas. *On right*—An Army carrier is given a thorough overhaul by expert girl workers. Greasing and repairing vehicles of every description after damage in combat; convoying them to a port of embarkation; cleaning and replacing tool-kits; testing wireless sets; preparing armour for transportation overseas—these are some of the new duties being performed by members of the A.T.S. since the opening of the Second Front. Volunteers all, they are now busily engaged at an Army Recovery Depot, keeping the necessary Invasion supplies on the move

PARATROOPS DEMONSTRATE TO FACTORY WORKERS: *On left*—Miss A. Maloney, a miller, is shown how to handle a parachute. *On right*—Pte. Williamson demonstrates how the paratroop harness is fitted and how the parachute opens. When the members of a Parachute Brigade were quartered near a Ministry of Aircraft Production factory, they soon became friendly with the workers, who organised collections for cigarettes, comforts, etc.; arrangements were also made for the workers to keep in touch with the troops when they go abroad. In return, the soldiers gave a lunch-hour demonstration to the factory workers and showed how their parachutes are handled in action: the two pictures given here were taken during the course of the demonstration

THE MOBILE COOKING UNIT, which was planned for possible invasion-time needs: A semi-mobile unit from Group Eight, London Region, provided meals for over 400 people at a British Restaurant at West Wickham a few days ago. The unit was staffed by the W.V.S. and was operated half a mile from the restaurant, the food being conveyed to the diners in metal containers which keep the meals warm for four hours. The demonstration was planned as an Exercise in which it was assumed that people evacuated from coastal districts had provided a problem with which the normal feeding facilities of the district were unable to cope. These units are capable of providing 500 solid, three-course meals

A NEW NON-COMBATANT FORCE TO HELP OUR INVASION TROOPS: Wearing its own distinctive uniform, this new body is about to leave for theatres of war in Europe and the Far East. It is known as "Telcom," and it will consist of men and women from the U.K. on the staff of Cable and Wireless, Ltd. Their task will be to carry the cable-heads and advanced wireless stations of the Empire's tele-communications network into enemy-occupied territory close on the heels of the advancing armies. Sir Edmund Wilshaw, Chairman of Cables and Wireless, Ltd., is seen in the centre

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

FROM THE PUBLISHERS' LATEST LISTS

Reviews of some of the Newest Novels, and Notices of Two Books of more Permanent Interest

"WHAT'S *femme fatale* really mean?" asks the young man in Mr. Robert Goodyear's new novel, and does not stay for an answer. That answer, in any case, would have been **MRS. LOVEDAY** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), which is both the title and the heroine of this week's pick of the psychological novels. Clare Loveday was one of those women of such superficial simplicity that people meeting her were apt either to take her at her face value, if they were indifferent, or to ascribe all kinds of subtleties to her, if they were interested.

In fact, something between these two opinions was the truth. As a girl Clare had had an illegitimate daughter by the son of the local squire.

A YOUTHFUL TOP SERGEANT: One of the happiest youngsters in England to-day is Master John Forde, of Fulham. John was recently adopted by American soldiers billeted in England and, on the occasion of his sixth birthday, presented with an American uniform with the honorary rank of top sergeant. John's father was killed while on a bombing mission over Holland—a mission which merited the D.F.M. which young John proudly wears on his uniform

She herself, beyond beauty and a deceptive kind of repose, had no qualities to distinguish her from a dozen other daughters of village station-masters. Yet, such was the authority of that beauty and that reticence, that she was able even in the most respectable of middle-class communities to impose her own rules of conduct, helped by a natural discretion and by a husband's shortsightedness, which owed more to loyalty than to complacence.

Clare, however, had the misfortune to form an attachment for the young man her daughter intended to marry, and therein lay her tragedy, which was only accelerated by the fact that Richard, having loved her, could never again have the slightest affection or interest in her daughter. The love-affair came to an end and Richard, no admirable character at best, left the country for a post in India, marrying a rich widow on his way. Clare was left, dazed in mind and wrecked in health, to the mercies of her plebeian sister and bewildered husband. It is one of the strengths of Mr. Goodyear's writing that both these latter figures are entirely credible and, in their different ways, not unsympathetic.

It may be that this could never be classified as an important novel; the fact remains that its very sincerity gives it a haunting quality.

The trouble about the heroine of **CLUNY BROWN**, by Margery Sharp (Collins. 8s. 6d.), is that she does not know her place. Her uncle, a decent plumber, is outraged when she has tea by herself at the Ritz. He packs her off to Devonshire to be parlourmaid to the gentle Lady Carmel in the hope that she will learn proper respect for her betters.

But neither the housekeeper nor the butler, for all their heavy sense of tradition, can put into Cluny the proper humility that the fairies failed to bring to her christening. Both Andrew, the idealistic son of the house, and his guest, Adam Belinski, a surprisingly untragic Polish refugee, find themselves involved in her affairs. She is walking out at the time with the local chemist, and soon everything is arranged for them to marry.

It would still be a match "far above her station," but Cluny amazes everyone at the end by going off with—well, it would be unfair to say with whom. I enjoyed the surprise and would not like to spoil it for anyone else.

In wartime you will have to go far to find a *soufflé* that has risen quite so happily. Cluny is a charming creature. The novel lacks the undertone of seriousness that the author sounded in *Fanfare for Tin Trumpets*, with which she made her welcome denouement. She will write better books than this; but she has never been more entertaining.

THE BARBER'S TRADE UNION (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.) is the first collection of short stories by Mulk Raj Anand, well known as the author of several bitter and disturbing novels about contemporary India. Usually his impish sense of humour is kept under restraint. Here it finds gay outlet in a varied and amusing collection of light sketches.

One or two are serious—the story of a terrorist whose bomb-throwing failed, a glimpse inside an Indian gaol, a picture of a political informer, an acid study of meanness to a station porter—for Dr. Anand is nothing if not political, though his resentment of British influence in India is here subdued to ironical moderation. But most of the stories are comic—really laughable.

An example is "A Pair of Mustachios," describing the trouble in a village caused by a low-born grocer who insisted on wearing the magnificent "tiger-moustache" appropriate only to the feudal gentry, one of whom transfers all his goods to the impostor in return for a promise that he will turn the tips of his mustachios *down*.

The plot of "Lottery" is as neat and sly as anything by W. W. Jacobs. Perhaps the best story in the book, though, is "The Cobbler and the Machine," where the humour comes straight from the author's sardonic and political heart.

A cobbler, fascinated by an advertisement brought to him by a boy for a machine to sew leather, borrows the money to buy one and becomes the talk of his village. But the necessity of paying off the interest on his loan keeps him tied to the machine as to the chariot wheels of doom, and he can never spare the time to make the boy the pair of shoes he promised him as a reward. One day he falls dead of exhaustion. Dr. Anand is quick to seize the political moral in his last words:—

"If only I had known then that it was not enough for Saudagar and his pupils to love the machine and work it, but to own it, I could have defied the verdict of the village which said that Saudagar was killed by the devil disguised in the image of the sewing-machine."

This author always writes well, but I enjoyed this book more than anything he has done.

Buzzbombs or no buzzbombs, and doodle bugs or no doodle bugs, one thing remains constant in the literary world, and that is the yearly appearance of a fresh volume of **GLORY HILL FARM** (John Lane. 7s. 6d.). The current, or 1944, edition is sub-titled "Third Year," with what may be pardonable pride, and in it Mr. Clifton Reynolds brings his farming chronicle more or less up to date.

The greatest interest in these books, from the point of view of the lay reader, is that they are records not only of experience, but of education, practical education, in the art and science of farming. Mr. Reynolds farms his 100 acres in Buckinghamshire as an amateur—or rather he *was* an amateur when he started on his farming, though he has now learned a great deal. He has learned it, as Americans would say, "the hard way," by the success or failure of his own experiments, and these books are the accounts of that system of trial and error.

There is in the United States an organisation known as The Seeing Eye, which trains guide dogs for blind people. The dogs, which are often but not invariably police dogs, go through an intensive course, as do their trainers, who spend four whole weeks blindfolded before their phase of instruction begins. At the end of the training period the dogs are capable of taking their masters—or their charges—out in the busiest city streets, of leading them through woods or swamps, and of responding to a very varied list of demands and requests.

DOGS AGAINST DARKNESS (Rich and Cowan. 16s.) is Mr. Dickson Hartwell's account of the foundation of this work, at first in Switzerland, by Mrs. Dorothy Eustis, and later in New Jersey. Now there is, as Sir Ian Fraser explains in a Foreword, a Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, whose training centre is at Leamington Spa in this country.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this work in its own sphere; the revival of independence and courage that it means to people who have been blinded, and the patience and imagination of the people who were the original pioneers. Mr. Hartwell tells the story well, traces every step of the Society's development, and gives credit to all those who, in the early days, encouraged the pioneers by their sympathy and their more practical help.

A FASHION NOTE FROM THE GUN-PITS: During the heavy coastal barrage put up to bring down the pilotless planes, the noise of the guns is so great that it often prevents the gunners from hearing the order to stop firing. This arrangement has been devised, therefore, so that the gunner's foot is jerked off the firing pedal by a rope round his ankle!

THE FIRST CHERRIES ARE PICKED ON ALDON FARM, AT OFFHAM, KENT. About 100 men, women and children are gathering them in, and the picking of the whole orchard will take them about six weeks

The shrewd and slow-thinking Inspector Higgins, for whom I have a genuinely warm spot, returns to solve another murder mystery in **MELANDER'S MILLIONS**, by Cecil Freeman Gregg (Methuen. 8s. 6d.). The Melander of the title is the Soups and Savouries king, who comes to the Inspector with a cheque for £2,000—an open cheque with no receipt required. Even old Higgins smells a rat, and soon enough Melander is found murdered and the chase is on.

This is the old-fashioned kind of detective story, with dark houses by the river, thugs delivering unexpected punches out of nowhere, night clubs with hidden doors, banshee wails and impossible impersonations. As a relief from the scientific crime story with every movement worked out to the split second, this kind of story—as written by Mr. Gregg—has no rival. If you cannot curl up with it by the fireside, you can at least take it to the air-raid shelter and be sure that the All Clear will not seem so long in coming. You do not have to work hard to keep the complications straight, and the corny, unpretentious humour is beautifully normal and sane. The secret of this type of story is the author's superbly accomplished technique.

"Sshh! Don't look round now!" my friend said to me. "He's standing just over there. What happened was this: I was telling old Bristowe about the *I.V.* Pressure Controller (I'm a hydraulic engineer, you know) — telling him that it was instantly responsive to incredible variations in load. I'd just got on to explaining that it was not only *Instantly Variable*, but also *Infinitely Variable*, when this chap bawled out 'Hey! tell me about this *I.V.* Pressure Controller — I'm a shipbuilder!' Well, though it's true that in shipbuilding — as well as in chemical, refining and other industries — the *I.V.* Controller will play an astonishingly large part, I thought he was so dashed rude, that I just told him to write to the Bell Punch Company — and find out for himself." My friend came closer. "Have a careful look round at him now, old man," he whispered; "it's probably quite safe." I did. It was. He'd gone.

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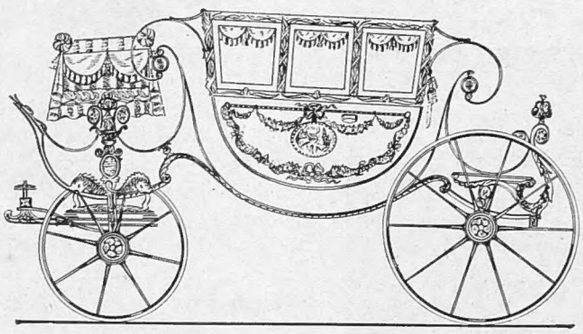

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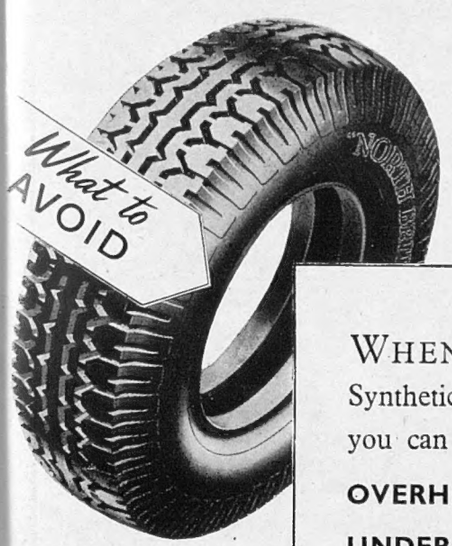

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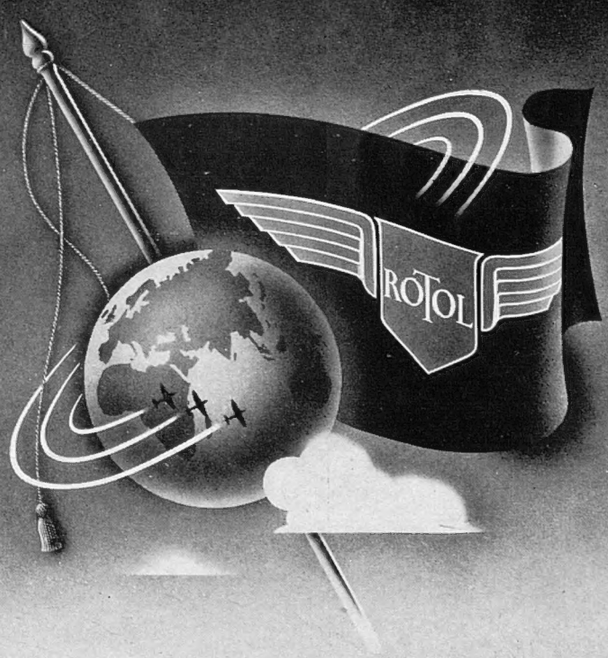

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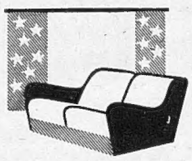

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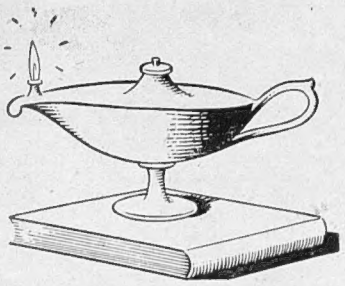

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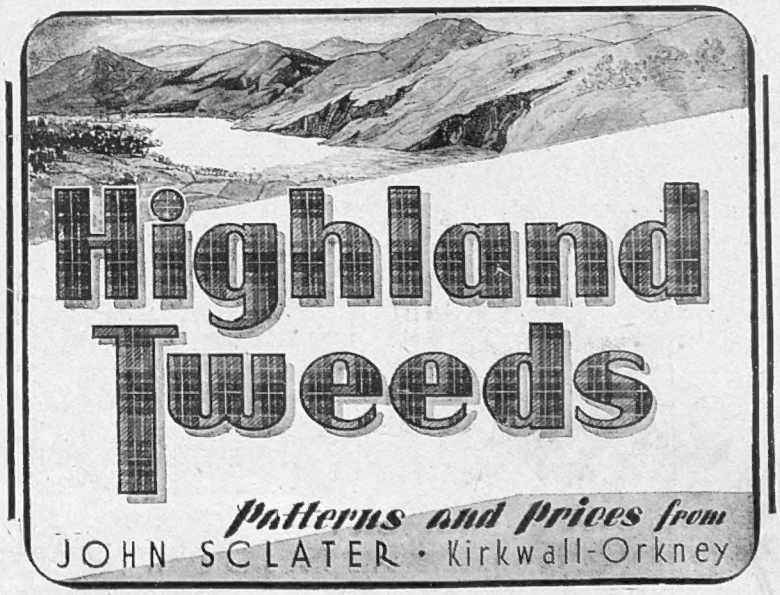

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